

The TATLER

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LADY ANNE WELLESLEY AND THE HON. DAVID RHYS

Janet Jevons, New Bond Street

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED RECENTLY

The Hon. David Rhys is the youngest of Lord and Lady Dynevor's three sons, and was born in 1907, and Lady Anne Wellesley is the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro and a grand-daughter of the Duke of Wellington. Lord Dynevor's eldest son, the Hon. Charles Rhys, is the Member for the Guildford Division of Surrey, and is in the Grenadier Guards (Reserve of Officers)



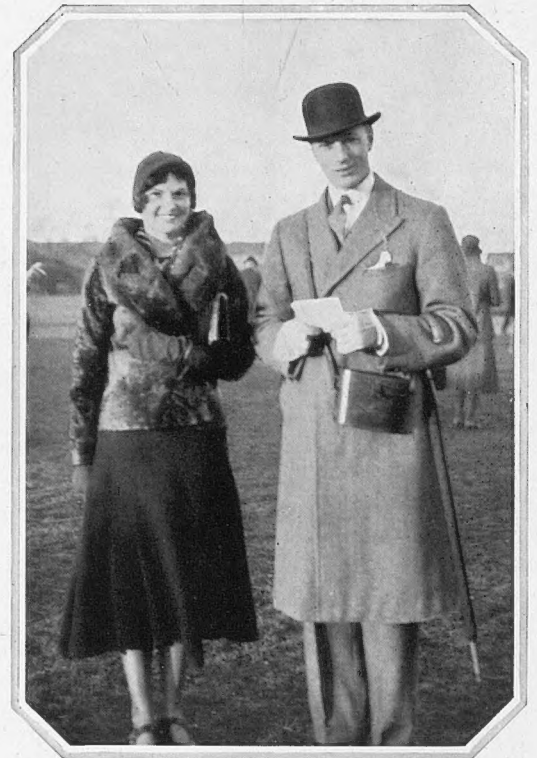
GOING RACING: MISS MARGE EYSTON, LORD LOVAT, AND THE MASTER OF LOVAT

Those who went racing before the ridge of warmer weather arrived were frozen to the teeth and Newbury was no warmer than elsewhere. Miss Marge Eyston is a cousin of the well-known racing motorist. Lord Lovat and his son are far too well-known to need any introduction from anyone

THE LETTERS OF EVE

So let us talk of other things. For instance of charity balls and entertainments which now, more than ever, are being used as ladders for social climbing. Provided the particular cause gains as much as it would if the "interested people" simply made out cheques without fuss and ostentation, nobody need grudge the climbers their little triumphs. They are so often mere illusions, which fade all too quickly except for those who are specially dogged and specially rich.

But charity shows, in which supper is the *pièce de résistance* of value for the price of tickets, seem to be in danger of developing into special benefits for hotels. I don't mean all. But at one show not so very long ago I was at a table of thirty. For an hour or so we talked and



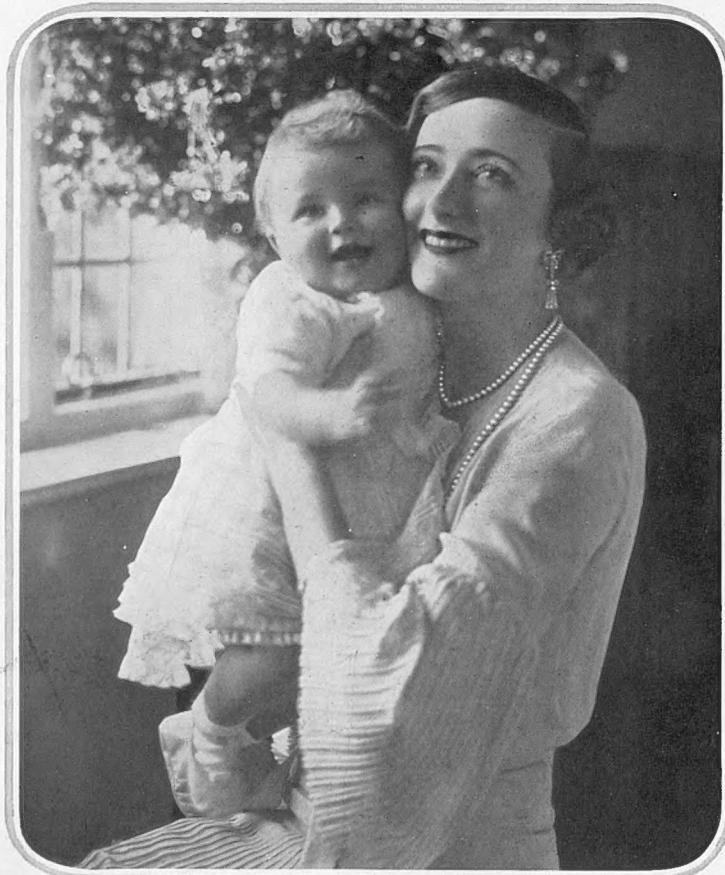
COMMANDER THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. SOUTHWELL

They were only married about two months ago. Mrs. John Southwell then being Miss Daphne Watson. She is Sir Geoffrey and Lady Watson's only child and is famous in the Swiss winter sporting world as a super ski-er. The Hon. John Southwell is Lord Southwell's youngest son

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—First of all I wish you a very happy Christmas. It is a wish which some will receive with a mocking smile, but don't forget that there are still quite a few people, besides children, who do enjoy this season and enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of it all. Nice simple people who are not spoilt by sophistication and who live on other things besides excitement. People who look forward with joy, not horror, to the prospect of large family reunions. Besides even Scrooge had to succumb to the Great Influence!

All the same I feel that my wish may hang about a little over long. There may not be time to read this letter during the last hectic moments of preparation and departure. It may not come to light until that post-Christmas period of anti-climax when, with little but the radio to bring the outside world into what may be by then too much family circle, even the most kindly disposed, creeping away for a moment of solitude, will read it with a jaundiced eye.



LADY LEVER AND HER SON, CHRISTOPHER

Sir Tresham and Lady Lever's son, and heir to the baronetcy, was only born this year and seems to find the world an amazingly pleasant place so far. Sir Tresham and Lady Lever were married in 1930. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Lindsay Hamilton Goodwin of Neston, Cheshire

looked with furtive eyes at the printed menu. And while it promised all kinds of delights, rich both in substance and in name, we waited in vain even for a roll to nibble at or a cooling draught of pure iced water. Finally the whole thirty left, some to snatch a hasty sandwich at the buffet, others, still clasping the menu cards, to reflect upon what Time might have had in store for them.

You realize, of course, that these critical and not too pleasant comments are calculated to have a certain effect on you. To create such righteous indignation at their being made at such a season that you will have the necessary reaction and go back to the family circle, from which you fled not long ago, beaming with peace and good-will.

But enough of looking forward. We were kept rather more than busy in London up to the last moment. So busy that I missed some of the things I should have liked to see as, for instance, the Rembrandts and Dürers at the Fine Art Gallery. But I was taken to see the very decorative Drians

in Sir Bertie Abdy's show-rooms. Lady Diana Abdy acted as hostess. She is a clever artist herself and excels at portraits. I think they are both rather sad at having to give up their lovely house just outside Paris. The Isle of Wight will probably be their home in future, much to the disgust of their friends, who complain that it takes as long to get there as to Paris, and the end of the journey is less exciting.

Two specially enthusiastic people at the Drian show were Violet Duchess of Rutland and Mr. Cecil Beaton who, like many of the others, had come on from the Bailey-Churchill wedding. In his wedding garments Mr. Beaton gave me an idea that he could easily develop into a most convincing looking Cabinet Minister if he should ever decide to give up camera and pencil for politics. His sister and her fiancé, Sir Hugh Smiley, are having a special party given for them by Mrs. Somerset Maugham in her very lovely house. Mrs. Maugham gave me a fright when I lunched with her at a restaurant the other day. She suddenly asked a waiter to bring her a doctor quickly. In my ignorance I inquired anxiously, and I suppose the laugh is on me for not knowing the name of one of the best cocktails.



WITH THE WHEATLAND AT HOLDGATE Truman Howell

Miss Helen Perrott, Lady Perrott, and Lady Forester snapped at Holdgate. Lady Forester and Miss Perrott are daughters of Lady Perrott, and Lord Forester is a major in The Blues and came into the title in September last on the death of his father

has been cast to play the Duchess in Hollywood's production of *Our Betters*.

There is little to tell you about the Bailey-Churchill wedding that you have not already heard. It certainly was one of the prettiest that we have seen for a long time. And very political, of course. Of the marriages which are still to take place I hear that the Colville-Villiers one is to be at noon, possibly to give the bride and bridegroom time to catch the boat train as they are spending their honeymoon at Algeiras.

Captain Fergus Forbes and Miss Dora Staveley Hill are being far more unusual by arranging to get married in the chapel of the Tower of London, and on the very last day of the year. Early the following week they will start for Mürren, where most of the star ski-ers will be gathered together once more. Including, one hopes, Miss Durell Sale Barker, about whom we have heard very little since she and Miss Page started off on the Cape flight at the end of October.

WITH THE PYTCHLEY: MISS CICELEY NICKALLS

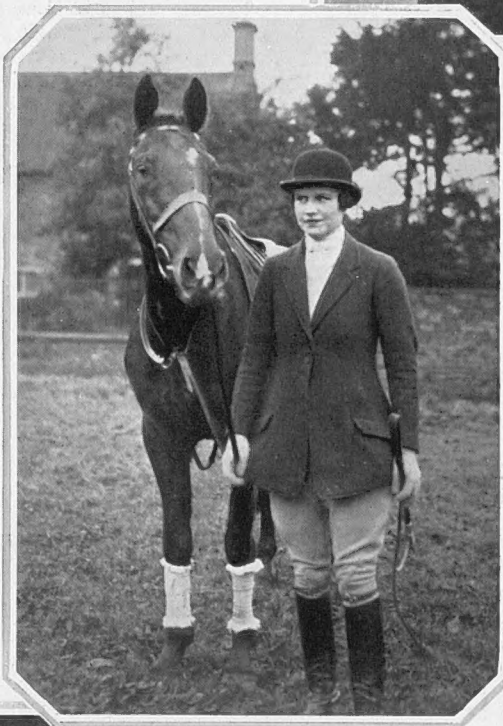
Than whom few of her sex go better over the strongly-fenced Northampton country. She is a niece of Colonel Charlie Miller, brother of poor Ted Miller, whom we all miss so badly

It took a foreign monarch to discover it in that light. King Christian of Denmark, like many other men, is not an enthusiastic shopper. So when his Queen decided on what promised to be a very strenuous expedition of Christmas present buying, he put our old fortress to a new use. Both the King and Queen have been enjoying their unofficial visit over here, so I hope we shall see more of them in future.

We were all very sorry to hear that our gallant Admiral Beatty had had another crash out hunting, with several broken ribs as a result. Really we must beg him to take more care of himself. Last year it was his jaw, which was a far more serious and complicated affair than most of us imagined. And two years ago—or was it three?—he broke his arm.

By the way, the confidence trickster has now broken into naval circles for his artless pranks. He rings up the parents of some young naval officer, explains that he is a

(Continued overleaf)



MR. RONALD SQUIRE, MRS. BOBBY HOWES, AND MR. DOUGLAS BYNG

Sasha

Three celebs. at supper-time at the Monseigneur, where Mr. Douglas Byng made a big hit with his "One-Man Pantomime." Mr. Ronald Squire is piling up the runs in "Springtime For Henry," the amusing play which is such an attraction at the Apollo



SIR GEOFFREY AND LADY PALMER

Whose wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week. Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Bt., was formerly a Coldstream Guard, and the bride was Miss Cicely Radmall, and is a niece of Lady Houston and a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Clifford Radmall of Clifton, near Watford, Hertfordshire

among those who have gone to the States. Lady Millicent is spending Christmas with Mary and Doug and will be away from England for two months or more.

Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd might have been a little chagrined if they had realized that they were actually unrecognized by a lovely lady who was talking to them at a restaurant the other day. Captain Ally Mackintosh was the host and he was called to the telephone before he could make any introductions. When he returned they seemed unnecessary. And as there was no sign either of gymnastic agility or of embarrassing tragi-comedy, the whole conversation and procedure being normal even to the point of solemnity, the lady, who knows and is known by everybody, remained in ignorance until they had gone.

Friedrich Wührer played the seldom heard Mendelssohn Piano Concerto quite admirably at the Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon, and it was pleasant to see pianist and conductor in such complete accord. Herr Wührer wrung Sir Thomas Beecham's hand on rising from the piano, even before he turned to acknowledge the applause from the audience. Lady Cunard, in a small black tricorne hat (possibly worn in honour of the last item on the programme, César Franck's "Chasseur Maudit"), brought a large party, which included Lady Ribblesdale and Mr. Gabriel Volkoff, and Mr. Colin Davidson came with young Lady Glentanar, and amongst others in the audience I noticed the Aga Khan, who is expecting a happy event in the family this month, Mrs. Cochrane Baillie, the Austrian and Polish Ministers, and Lady Jowitt.

Lord and Lady Allendale gave a small dinner-party before the last Aeolus Concert, which took place at her house on Tuesday night. Myra Hess and Jelly D'Aranyi played a lovely programme of Brahms and Debussy, and all the smart music lovers turned up in full force, headed by Lady Howe, who looked

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

shipmate of their son, and the son has told him to call. He is invited to lunch, borrows money for his journey back and is never heard of again. The moral is to keep the Navy List next to the telephone book and invite a policeman to make a fourth at lunch.

I won't attempt to tell you who is staying where and with whom this Christmas. At home, I mean. But just a few have departed for places as wide apart as Malaya, the two Americas, and the Atlantic Islands. Lady Decies and Lady Millicent Hawes are

perfectly lovely in a red velvet dress and a very du Maurier fringe. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert brought her good-looking young daughter, and amongst others I noticed Lady Violet Benson, Lord and Lady Esher, and Lady Sassoon.

These concerts owe much of their very great success to the tireless energy and the organizing ability of Miss Olga Lynn. Few parties, musical or otherwise, which "Oggie" attends are ever a failure, and it is impossible to imagine London life without her. "Oggie" is, of course, the moving spirit of the carol singers, who will be going the rounds in masks to extract as much money as they can for charity. I hope they will find their voices more persuasive than revolvers.

Young Lady Jersey is the latest addition to the ranks of charity ball hostesses. Her party at the Dorchester was a great success both financially and socially, and it went with a bang from start to finish. The rather dreary atmosphere that prevails at the average charity ball was noticeably absent from the proceedings, which started with a dinner at the Dorchester, attended by Lord and Lady Haddington, Lord and Lady Dufferin, Miss Liza Maugham, Sir Anthony Weldon, and many other bright and amusing people.

I like Lady Haddington's chiffon dresses. She nearly always wears them, and has the sleeves made very long and full and the waist cut rather high, and it is pleasant in these days when we all look alike to meet someone with such a very decided style of her own. Lady Jersey wore a tiara of diamond flowers far back on her forehead. She had persuaded some very pretty girls, led by Miss Diana Mainwaring and Miss Eileen Brougham, to sell flowers and programmes for her. It is not often that Lady Hartington turns up at one of these charity shows. She and Lady Carisbrooke were quite the tallest women in the room, though Lady Masserene, in a lovely silver lamé dress, trimmed with sable, ran them pretty close.

Lady Plunket, who was to have dined with Lady Jersey, was unable to appear as she was dancing at the Café de Paris that night during the cabaret of Lady Maud Carnegie's very successful mystery ball. It was too bad that Lady Maud herself should have been too ill to be present, but Lord Carnegie worked like a Trojan, Jack Hulbert was a host in himself (whatever that may be), and the whole party was a great success in every way.

I hear of one engagement which may come to light before very long, if it hasn't already materialized into a wedding, between a very lovely lady and a young man distinguished for his charm, his brains, his fondness for travel, and for his bank balance. Both have been married before.—Yours ever, EVE.



A COMMITTEE MEETING FOR THE ST. VALENTINE

The St. Valentine Ball is in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, and this committee meeting was held at 12, Upper Brook Street. The Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York have graciously given their patronage. In this group, left to right, are: Lady Harcourt, Mrs. McCorquodale, and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, who is the organizer and was chairman at the meeting

VICTORIA LEAGUERS

Dancing at the Dorchester



LADY BRIDGETT POULETT AND THE
HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA

There were several amusing charity balls last week, but none went better than the one in aid of the Victoria League at which Lady Jersey greeted the guests. Princess Marie Louise was present and had supper with Lady Weigall, whose party also included the High Commissioner for Canada, the Hon. G. H. Ferguson. Lady Bridgett Poulett peddled programmes, and balloons, which might bring prizes, were also popular purchases



LADY SEAFIELD CONFERRING WITH MISS
CARTER AND LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH



THE HON. UNITY MITFORD
AND MISS ORMSBY-GORE



SIR A. WELDON AND LADY MASSEREENE

Ireland was well to the fore at the Victoria League Ball. There was Lady Massereene and Ferrard looking very decorative; Sir Anthony Weldon and his youngest brother Terry, who are such first-rate value at a party; Lady Moira Forbes, over from Castle Forbes, and Lady Violet Pakenham, Lord Longford's sister, who is partial to living on this side of the Irish Channel. That popular bachelor, Sir Stephen Bull, whose assets include charming manners and pretty wit, was as usual in request



MR. BEAUCHAMP, SIR STEPHEN BULL, LADY VIOLET
PAKENHAM, LORD JERSEY, AND LADY MOIRA FORBES

Photographs by Swaebe

THE CINEMA

Plots and Plaza. By JAMES AGATE



MISS DIANA WYNYARD IN THE "CAVALCADE" FILM

Miss Diana Wynyard plays Jane Marryot in the Fox Film Production of the great Noel Coward spectacle play. The film is now quite finished and it should prove a magnificent show. It has all been done in America

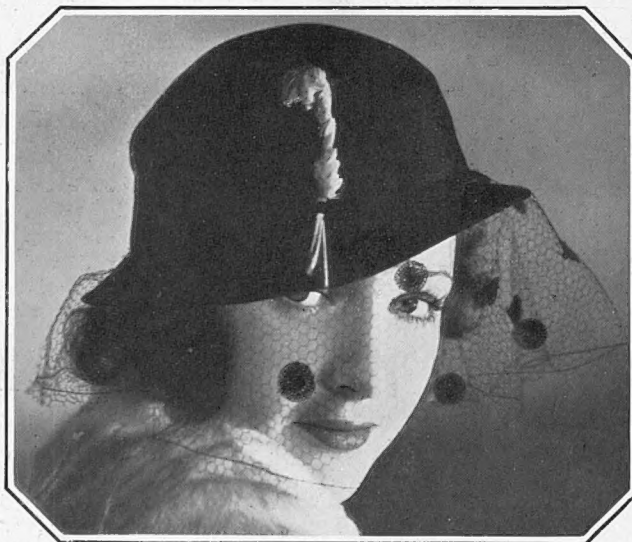
IN a jolly little book that I was reading the other day Mr. L'Estrange Fawcett compiles an amusing list of the subjects most popular on the film. First of these is Mother-love, and here I must quote Mr. Fawcett:—"Apparently no ordinary audience can resist the sight of the hard-working mother tucking up and kissing her children in bed, even the fourteen-year-olds, and descending the stairs with that every-picture-tells-a-story look to grapple with a mountain of ironing. This knocks the bottom out of another fallacy, that the public want always to be 'taken out of themselves' when they go to the cinema. Mother-love is greater even than this strong desire." Next is Brother-love, which to me opens up endless vistas of Cain and Abel occupying neighbour hammocks in some American battleship, or twin cockpits in an aerodrome, or twin mattresses on the soil of America while far away the war bugles are faintly blowing, so faintly indeed that it took America four years to hear them, these same vistas being filled with orgies of foul-mouthed and unfunny abuse. Next comes Sister-love. In this variety the plain elder sister, who would not so much as look at the Apollo Belvedere if he called round with the milk, sacrifices reputation and happiness for a dream of lascivious beauty alleged, though inconceivably, to be conceived of the same parents, to wit her younger sister. This baggage having unaccountably left a diamond necklace in the feather-bed of New York's wealthiest bachelor, plain and sacrificial Jane will swear that it is hers though we know her neckwear to be as dull as agate. Mr. Fawcett, who has a critical mind, suggests that the Unworthy Mother motive cannot be classed as a separate category since it is essentially Sister-love in origin. "The mother is left a penniless widow in Paris with a daughter to educate, and permits a French count to provide a discreet flat for her use in the exclusive Etoile area. Out of her house-keeping she pays for her daughter's stupendously expensive convent clothes and education. All of a sudden the daughter comes home. This always occurs, not as in ordinary life three or four times a year, but just once in the daughter's life-time—when she is nineteen. . . ." There is no need for Mr. Fawcett or anybody else to tell us what happens, how the daughter falls

in love with the Count, how the mother arranges for that nobleman to blind her with a champagne-bottle and exhibit such further heartlessness as to induce the daughter to seek shelter in the arms of a young American airman who flying over the convent garden had fallen in love with her plan and elevation. Next comes Children-love. But this branch of the subject is too sickening to pursue.

If I may so presume I should like to suggest yet another motive, that of the Good Girl who loves a Bad Man. This is amusingly exemplified in *Night After Night*, the new film at the Plaza, directed with great skill and at least 50 per cent. of conscious humour by Archie Mayo. Joe Anton (George Raft) originally a pug is now a gangster in whose murky past are those blonde enchantresses, Iris Dawn (Wynne Gibson) and Maudie Triplett (Mae West). Anton is the owner of a palatial speak-easy at one of whose tables Miss Healy (Constance Cummings), a daughter of New York's Upper Ten, nightly takes a solitary supper. She does so because the speak-easy is established in what was formerly her ancestral home. Anton is attracted to the girl and she to him, only, alas, impending poverty, owing presumably to the slump, requires that she shall marry a noted polo-player. This is hardly credible since any decent girl could live for ten years on one of her ear-rings, while London's latest and most magnificent hotel can offer nothing of such chaste opulence as her bedroom. Anton, however, decides to win her, to do which he takes lessons in table-manners and table-English from Miss Mabel Jellyman (Alison Skipworth), an absurd governess-like creature, though contrary to the habit of most governesses she is redundant of face and figure. There is a delicious scene in which this mistress of the English language acting as chaperone at a supper-party given by the gangster to his lady inveigles Anton into preposterous conversation about Shakespeare and the musical-glasses, to wit Andrew Carnegie and the Lausanne Conference. This scene is really extremely funny, since Miss Skipworth, excellent actress, manages to be even more precise than Miss Prism in the English play. But the supper-party is interrupted by Maudie Triplett, who returns to claim her Anton who takes Miss Healy to see *his* bedroom. But Miss Healy having tumbled to the kind of man Anton is turns him down in favour of the polo-player, whereupon Anton tells her where she gets off. So far from being a lady, says Anton, she is not as good as Maudie, and his contempt for her is such that if he were a pirate-captain he would not throw her to the crew. The scene then flashes back to the supper-table where Miss Jellyman, now completely tight, is saying to Maudie: "Whatever you say goes, baby!" At this point the producer's humour deserts him. Miss Healy comes back and is so annoyed at being turned down by Anton that she wrecks his bedroom,

whereupon Anton enters, surveys the wreckage, and takes her into his arms saying:—"This proves that you're a lady after all!" This dénouement was received by the Plaza's audience with a howl of derision. But it is only fair to say that up to this point the whole picture was extraordinarily and intentionally funny and that the audience giggled and chuckled continuously.

A beautiful performance is given by Mae West, and this brings me to George Raft, who is being proclaimed as the successor to Valentino. I do not agree, since Valentino could play heroes as well as cads, and I do not think that Raft would be bearable outside gangsterdom. He is, however, excellent in this film in which he resembles a good-looking Italian weasel. I have omitted to say that though this is a gangster film no dreadful things happen. Which is refreshing.



MISS IRENE WARE MAKES HER DÉBUT

The film in which this young actress made her celluloid debut is the Fox Films Production, "Chandu the Magician," a story both mysterious and Eastern, and a sure thrill

TWO VERSIONS OF "ANOTHER LANGUAGE"



THE WIFE (MISS EDNA BEST) AND THE HUSBAND
(MR. HERBERT MARSHALL)



THE WIFE AND THE NEPHEW
(MR. LOUIS HAYWARD)

Rose Franken's play, "Another Language," now at the Lyric, is fully dealt with by our dramatic critic and by the caricaturist in the appropriate place in this issue of "The Tatler," so that most of the thunder attaching to these pictures necessarily has been stolen. All hands—author, actors, and producer—are deserving of mention in despatches, because a story of a bright young nephew falling in love with an attractive aunt by marriage demanded rather careful and delicate handling. Miss Edna Best has added much lustre to her already sufficiently brilliant reputation by her playing of the part of the terribly bored young wife

Photographs by Sasha

A Leicestershire Letter

Almost too good a day with the Cottesmore on Tuesday, twenty miles as hounds ran, practically none of it in Cottesmore country, and the last part over the cream of the Fernie Thursday. Such a scenting day foreshadowed the frost which prevented hunting Wednesday and Thursday, but the Quorn managed to hunt Friday on a pretty treacherous surface.

Saturday the Belvoir managed to get among some of the foxes which have been in sanctuary in the foot-and-mouth area, and whole schools of them ran round the country in front of and behind hounds all the morning. In the evening they repaid the Quorn invasion by running from Holwell Month to Hoby quite nicely.

A grand party at Little Belvoir that night. What a merciful thing it is for the human race that children don't look as repulsive as adults in children's clothes. The rate of infant mortality would be staggering and a bucket of water and a brick would have put paid to many a promising career. Everyone glad to see Tommy Graves down here again and that he has kept his form as well as old Brown Jack. He couldn't stop to hunt Monday as Nash's Club has assumed too big proportions these days.

It seemed an odd venue to choose to read a book all the evening, but we all enjoy ourselves different ways!

Roland and Lexie appeared, but the latter's position as *prima ballerina* was taken over by her American understudy who, though longer on the leg, danced with some grace till hampered by romper hobble.

The Quorn had an unfortunate Monday from Willoughby, finding only one fox all day, though they drew as late as was humanly possible.

NEWCOMER.—See the secretary. An application to pay a family subscription must be supported by chapter and verse from the table of affinity, marriage lines, or a certificate signed by a Master of Hounds that on at least eight occasions, etc., etc.

INGENUITY.—As a subject of conversation your opening gambit of "do you hunt?" is admirable, but try and avoid sitting next an M.F.H.

INDIGNANT.—You were so right to take umbrage. The man can have been no gentleman and I know he is no player.

From the Beaufort

Lower Woods last Wednesday was very moderate, the going being none too good after the sharp frost, and scent was indifferent. The rest of the week we were stopped with these sharp wind frosts. Some of our neighbours managed to get out Saturday, but the gateways, etc., were too bad here. On Monday we started off again at Bushton; plenty of foxes but scent poor. On Tuesday at Leighterton a thick fog, and after a wait of half-an-hour we jogged around the country, and eventually Master decided to have a go and a fox was quickly found in Hare Cover, and a sharp scurry ensued, but it wasn't really fit to hunt and we could not see a field ahead, and some of 'em couldn't even see a quarter. Riders were going in every direction. We hope the unlucky ones who parted company found their steeds again. Home was then the order. Major Billy Miles, who had to undergo an operation, is now convalescent and will soon be with us again. Our cut-'em-down captain from Kingston Langley has gone to the shires with the hopes of

From the Shires and Provinces

being able to leave one or two of his stud behind. Rumour has it we are to have a ladies' race at our point-to-point, which will be held in March. Now, girls, let's give them a good show, and let them see that the sex can ride!

From the Heythrop

Monday at Heythrop Village was certainly a warm, sunny day, but not sufficiently so to justify the wearing of rat-catcher at this time of the season; perhaps the gentleman in question had not only put his shirt on Sound Box but his red-coat as well. A very enjoyable hunt followed over the point-to-point course in which the acting Field-Master certainly earned his spurs. The Colonel from Worton and the Kitebrook Captain had a bumping match and all would have been well if it had been confined to a bump of benevolence, but unfortunately the Colonel's horse's leg was seriously involved. The gentleman from Oddington also got badly bunkered, but this is rather liable to happen in the game of Goff. On Wednesday at North-leach sport was seriously interfered with by frost; it was just about fit to ride about but not to write about. On Friday the pre-Hunt Ball meet at Langston Arms was a new idea, but just a little hard on the "Saturdays only" brigade. The American invasion has started in earnest and, in view of the fact that the three young ladies are as good as gold, we understand that there was no fear of their being shipped back with the bullion on the 15th. The Hunt Ball in the evening was the greatest success and we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the organizers, Mrs. Shennan and General McCalmont, for the excellent arrangements. Everything went with a swing, from the old-fashioned waltz even down to the door at the main entrance.

From the Cheshire

An almost depressing week has passed out; Friday's meet at Bulkeley was cancelled owing to frost, and the first Century Club dance held at the Swan that night, was lacking many of the original members, which no doubt accounted for the slight depression in some quarters. On Saturday hounds met at Church Minshull, and those who rose early on a good breakfast, and went to the meet, scored heavily over the "tired and shaky," which section we hear waited outside (or in) the "Little Man" for two hours.

Meanwhile, hounds hunted really well from the Black Knight by Wettenhall Wood to Darnhall, and back by Over and Tall Trees, bearing left-hand by Ashbrook, back into Darnhall where they lost him.

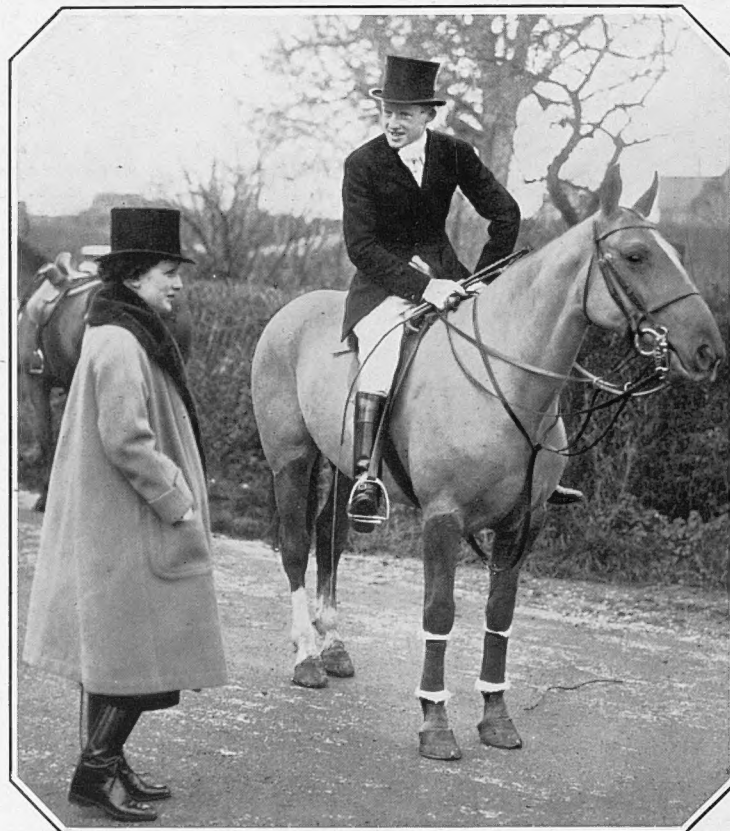
Either John was with the "Little Man" contingent, or due to shaking, misread the watch; surely ninety minutes was a liberal quota, for this contest as written up by him?

Monday we forgathered at Dunham, no doubt about it that Dyke country takes a bit of negotiating. Hounds hunted for sixty minutes from Dunham Gorse, but unfortunately lost their fox after crossing the railway and Chester-Warrington road.

We wonder what Fred Ellis keeps in his flask? but it did her a power of good! Again we congratulate those who look after this, and the Barrow country, as we know it's a difficult task.

Wishing everyone the best of Christmases, and Tony every success with his book.

(Continued on p. vi)



WITH THE QUORN: MRS. GERARD LEIGH AND MR. DICK FURNESS

At the recent tryst at Great Dalby, not far out from Melton. Captain J. C. Gerard Leigh, whose house is Thorpe Satchville, used to be in the 1st Life Guards. Mrs. Gerard Leigh is an American and was formerly Miss Goudy

OUTDOORS AND INDOORS



AT NOTTINGHAM 'CHASES: LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY AND MISS CRISTA PARAVICINI



MR. PETER AKROYD, MR. TONY BELLVILLE, AND THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL



LADY KIMBERLEY, TOM COULTHWAITE, AND MR. BULTEEL



AT THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE HUNT BALL: MR. VICTOR HIRST, MRS. HUGH CORBET, CAPTAIN A. A. SIDNEY VILLAR, MRS. REX COHEN, MAJOR T. DIX PERKIN, AND A LADY UNNAMED



FIRST-NIGHTING IN LONDON TOWN ON A RECENT OCCASION: MR. DAVID DRUMMOND AND MISS ROSEMARY VILLIERS

The camera made an excellent bag of well-known people when it blazed into the brown at the recent jumping meeting at Nottingham, where the weather was as cold as the racing was good. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lord Ancaster's son, is one of the rising generation of gentlemen riders, and first got bitten with a grand game for fun when he was up at Cambridge. Mr. Peter Akroyd is an ex-Joint Master of the Belvoir and is at present hunting in Warwickshire, and Mr. Tony Bellville, Mrs. Edward Greenall, and Lady Kimberley are all familiar figures in the Leicestershire hunting world. Not to know Tom Coulthwaite, who trained Grakle, winner of the 1931 Grand National, is to argue yourself unknown. He is a great character and a great trainer. Mrs. Rex Cohen very kindly lent her house (Condover Hall) for the South Shropshire Hunt Ball—a huge success. Captain Sidney Villar recently married Miss Betty Cohen and was formerly in the Royal Bucks Hussars. Mrs. Hugh Corbet is County Commissioner for the Pony Club for Shropshire, and Major Dix Perkin commands the depot of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry at Shrewsbury.

Mr. David Drummond and Miss Rosemary Villiers were flash-light photographed at one of London's many recent first nights



Sasha

"IAN HAY" (MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH) AND MRS. BEITH

Snapshotted at a recent first night in London. "Ian Hay's" articles in a daily paper upon what he calls "The Great Wall of India," meaning thereby no doubt the chain of our frontier defences, are as intriguing and entertaining to anyone knowing this particular locale as are most first impressions of a traveller. The frontier atmosphere is rather an acquired taste

"Low" in Russia.

THERE is something about Soviet Russia which forces the most hesitating pen immediately to seek paper. Be the visit only a week, it is quite sufficient for the home-coming bird-of-passage to write to tell the world all about it. It is all, of course, very interesting—or rather, *was*—and all blissfully contradictory. Nevertheless, there must be something of the curate's egg about the Soviet régime, otherwise it couldn't have lasted so long. All the same, I suspect that when eventually it emerges as, so to speak, a finished and complete article, it won't be very dissimilar to the régime it so violently displaced. Revolutions have a way of ending like that. And only its blind disciples, who incidentally have made quite a good thing out of the change for themselves, are ever likely to be content in the illusion that a change of so-called tyrants is in itself a step towards progress. It needs a political reformer to perceive the tremendous difference between not being allowed to save money and having no money to save. One thing, however, emerges from all the varied descriptions of life under the Soviet which, for me, makes me pray that I may not live to see Communism in my time, and that is the seeming utterly impossibility either to be alone or to lead your own life away from the noisy, chattering, mostly beastly, human herd! Mass-producing would be awful enough, but mass-privacy must be infinitely worse. To do everything from the cradle to the grave in, so to speak, herd-formation is not in the least my idea of liberty however it may betoken equality. As for freedom of thought, it is apparently non-existent in Soviet Russia, and the text by Mr. Kingsley Martin

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

to Low's brilliant "Russian Sketchbook" (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) only helps to stress this point in spite of its otherwise friendly view-point. One must have gone entirely Soviet to know any peace in Communist Russia, and only a political illusionist could possibly see greater virtue in that submission than in *lèse-majesté* towards a capitalistic monarch! Besides, the true Soviet adherent gets apparently the rosy side of the peach every time, whether it be in houses or in general freedom. So they have really the benefits belonging to the old capitalistic aristocracy, though it would be more than worth one's life in Russia at present to suggest it. As for being old, it is akin to being a general nuisance. To beg is the only thing allowed to the aged apparently. Not, however, that I can imagine that this will eventually disturb the world-weary and tired later on. They will only be too glad to resort to gas ovens after fifty, for which demand the Government will surely have to create the supply. That, however, is by the way. What is important is that, apart from Low's marvellous sketches, Mr. Martin gives us a series of interesting pictures of Russia under the Soviet as he was able to understand it during a fairly lengthy visit. Only in one thing, however, did I see the least improvement to what life could easily become nowadays under the capitalistic system, if only that system could progress undisturbed by the jealousy, suspicion, and hostility of one nation towards another, and that is that in the realm of private morals Russia has seen reason and charity ahead of the Christian countries. He writes: "Tradition in the West has left us in a muddle about sex, and we still punish as criminal certain actions of a purely private nature which the State, it seems to me, has, properly speaking, no reason to forbid. The Soviet Government is following the theory, but not the practice, of Western civilization when it decides that its business is with the welfare of children, not with the private lives of parents. And it is surely only following common sense in taking no cognizance of homosexuality and punishing the crime of transmitting venereal disease by a heavy prison sentence." But all this has taken me away from what is really the book's *raison d'être*, namely Low's sketches. Brilliant is only a small tribute to their excellence. I know no

other black-and-white artist who can so successfully and in a few lines not only picture a type, but give the whole of the mentality, almost the private life, of that individual.

* * *

Miss José Collins.

Three things Miss José Collins prayed for as a child: one was to marry into the peerage, another to possess a real pearl necklace, and a third, to be "star" of Daly's Theatre. Her volume of reminiscences, "The Maid of the Mountains" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), proved that all her wishes came true, almost with the proverbial "vengeance." The "vengeance," however, being in her case a too generous, care-free temperament which landed her in tremendous difficulties after her long reign in London. But that is just like fate, isn't it? It always seems to hand you a present over your shoulder and give you a hard kick behind by way of a parting reminder that in this existence we seem here to be kicked rather than to be given ha'pence. At any rate, her reign in London was long and brilliant in the extreme. I don't suppose that any musical-comedy actress has had a larger or more fervent public than José Collins. She

(Continued on p. 414)



AT "THE MIDSHIPMAID" MIDNIGHT MATINÉE

Albert de Courville has made a very good job of the film version of the Ian Hay-King Hall play, "The Midshipmaid," and this group of four people who were aiding and abetting at the midnight matinée was taken at the Capitol. In the picture, left to right, are: Miss Sylvia de Oliveira, Miss Irene Cholmondeley, Lady Francis Hill, and Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger

THE PANACEA!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



He: What your husband requires is complete rest, and so I have prescribed a sleeping draught
She: When shall I give it him, doctor?
He: Don't—take it yourself

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

deserved her popularity in every way, and in more ways also than the public still realize, who do not read this frank and breezy autobiography. She was a star of the American stage when she was twenty, and yet on coming back to London she sacrificed a salary of £300 a week to accept one of £50 so that she might join with Mr. Robert Evett, in what looked at the moment like a forlorn hope, to pay the debts left by the late George Edwardes, and so restore glory to Daly's Theatre. *The Maid of the Mountains*, we read, was put on solely for that purpose, and for almost its entire run Miss Collins received a sixth of the salary which she had been receiving in America. When, however, the debts were paid, thanks to the colossal success of that musical play, money might be said to have been shovelled into her bank. Alas! then, that she had that beautiful, but unwise, temperament which loves to give, give, and go on giving. There is a whole and awful crowd waiting to meet people of such generous nature. They swarmed, of course, round José Collins; yet never once is she bitter. Like the true "trouper" that she is, she takes the human rough with the smooth, and is down only to rise to fight again. And it is just because she is a "trouper," and is proud of the fact, that her memoirs are so jolly, so human, and so definitely honest. The numerous photographs add immensely to the interest of the book. They range from her famous mother, Lottie Collins, singer of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" to (for once) a really jolly snap-shot of Noel Coward and Beverley Nichols.

Rock Gardens.

I always think that one of the great enjoyments of possessing a garden is to think of its past glories in mid-winter. Flowers never straggle and fade when you only think of them, and next summer's glory in your garden is always without a flaw. But rock gardening I have discovered as a very tricky business, though there are few gardens more fascinating once they have become established. In "Natural Rock Gardening" (Country Life. 10s. 6d.) Mr. B. H. B. Symons-Jeune does not discuss that artificial rock-garden wherein the ambitious seek to cultivate alpine plants, but those natural rock-gardens which are, so to speak, a picture as Nature paints pictures on the mountains and on the hillside as well as in the valleys. Especially does the author stress the necessity for leaving wide spaces between the rock plants so that the beauty of the stone may not only be revealed but help to enhance the beauty of the flowering groups. His book is essentially one for the practical gardener, and I should think that no more valuable book has been recently published in the way of practical gardening. The actual building of the rock-garden is described more clearly than anything I have read on the subject, while the diagrams and technical explanations are as much for the amateur gardener as for the expert; while, for those who are neither, the many illustrations make the book a joy to look at.

A Clever Novel.

Mr. Raymond W. Postgate's clever novel, "No Epitaph" (Hamilton. 7s. 6d.), is the life-like story of how easy it is for a man and woman to be morally broad-minded when such

broad-mindedness is not required of them in their own affairs. It is, for example, so easy to receive once more back into the social fold a woman who has been divorced, and indeed it is considered mentally chic to do so; but show me the woman who can give an equal welcome to the woman who has run off with her own husband. Other people's troubles are always easy to bear, and to forgive them their shortcomings is to assume the halo of modernity, always provided that they "come short" to somebody else's disadvantage. So when Felix Queagh fell in love with his editor's young wife and she gratified his infatuation on one isolated occasion, they considered that each fulfilled the broad-minded modern point of view when Felix told his wife, Anne, and the woman told her husband. The immediate consequences, however, were distinctly old-fashioned. The married life of Felix and Anne might have eventually been successful after the inevitable rough edges of married life had been worn down by time; but although Anne tried to see her husband's infidelity from, so to speak, the mountain-top view-point, she failed. Whenever a rough edge appeared, instead of waiting until time smoothed it out, the memory of her husband's one hour of weakness cut across any chance of forgiveness and turned every molehill into a gloomy, overwhelming mountain. Mr. Postgate has written his story with such sincerity that it leaves absolutely no hint of that flashy desire to shock at all

costs which so many writers might have gloried in, to the story's general nastiness. It may not be a very creditable story, but it is truthfully seen and very cleverly described.

She Missed Being Smacked.

Phenice, the heroine of Miss Marjorie Bowen's new novel, "Passion Flower" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), is also very modern, but in the dreariest colours—all passion flowers and patchouli. As she disliked

being poor, she became engaged to a rich vulgarian, John Bettine, who, however, showed much more breeding when the real occasion demanded than Phenice, who had really only been expensively brought up. Before they are married, however, she incurs debts to the value of £15,000, which naturally, although it makes Phenice furious, convinces Bettine that marriage for him is not so much a lottery as a thoroughly bad bargain—a bad debt in advance. Whereupon Phenice tried to rob her friend, Sylvia, of her fiancé, with whom she is convinced that she is until-death-and-forever-after in love. Sylvia, however, rises to such heights of renunciation that Phenice simply cannot rob her of her lover, and so, in order to escape him, she goes to Paris and to loneliness and poverty. Here she meets her sister, Alicia, who years previously had run away with a young artist whose bid for posterity was sinister paintings of passion flowers on ceilings. In Paris, eventually, Phenice meets the young man whom she had discarded earlier in the book. She had really been in love with him all the time and after all. The lady, as will be seen, is not a little kaleidoscopic. It is written at the pace which is no doubt demanded by the Bottle Party addict and therefore presumably all right. This is an easy-to-read novel, written, I suspect, with a generous allowance of tongue in an unresisting cheek; but because Marjorie Bowen has written it, it reads very well.



Golfer (to members ahead): Pardon me, but would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill!

CELEBRATIONS AND CELEBRITIES

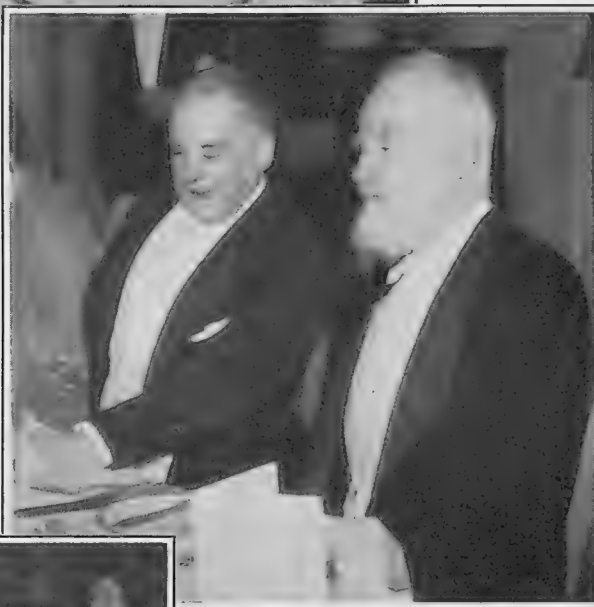


Sasha
AT THE CRITICS' CIRCLE
DINNER TO MR. J. T. GREIN

Above: Sir Robert Donald, with Mrs. Ashley Dukes and Mrs. St. John Ervine, the wives of two noted playwright critics, at the Waldorf for the Jubilee Dinner given by the Critics' Circle to celebrate the seventieth birthday of one of its most distinguished members. Mr. J. T. Grein, who has half a century of dramatic criticism to his credit, was toasted with the greatest enthusiasm, and among the good speeches was one from Mr. Bernard Shaw



Sasha
PROFESSOR GEYL AND MR. ASHLEY DUKES AT THE
CRITICS' CIRCLE JUBILEE DINNER AT THE WALDORF



Sasha
MR. COCHRAN AND MR.
SHAW AT THE WALDORF



LADY SCARSDALE AND LADY BRECKNOCK
SUPPORT THE ACTORS' BENEVOLENT FUND



THE HERBERT MARSHALLS AT THE SAVOY

Miss Edna Best and her husband were not just paying a casual visit to the Savoy when they were photographed. They had come on from playing in "Another Language" at the Lyric on purpose to attend the Midnight Supper Party and Cabaret, which had been organized for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Captain Cunningham-Reid and his wife, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, and Lady Brecknock were further bright lights of the occasion



THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID, LORD SCARSDALE,
CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM-REID, AND MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—This seems a fitting opportunity to wish you and all our fellow Rugby enthusiasts a Merry Christmas, if such a thing be possible in these days of doubt and depression. May we all score points, if only at contract, and suffer no penalties. Gone, my Tatler, are the

However, let us get back to Rugby, which is a much more pleasant subject. All the four countries have now had a trial or two, and it really looks, for once in a way, as if England were in a fairly strong position. It is quite certain that we have plenty of material, and if only Don Burland's shoulder will behave itself we ought to be all right. But, failing the stalwart Bristol man, there may be some difficulty about the centres, for the possible substitutes are not quite up to his standard.

J. A. Tallent is one of these, and he has done some brilliant things this season. If he could be caught at his best and brightest all would be well, but his defence is not too strong, and he is not always consistent. Yorkshire have a couple of candidates in F. W. Malir and L. L. Bedford, both old caps, and there is also the rejected of Cambridge, E. C. Mercer, who would have been very useful at Twickenham. As to the wings, C. D. Aarvold seems a certainty, and there are plenty of good men for the other side of the ground.

These lines are being written before the Torquay trial, which may alter the whole aspect of affairs as far as the outsiders are concerned, but nothing should prevent us from getting a powerful pack together. There are sound candidates and to spare for every position, and the two best judges of forwards in the country—Mr. John Daniell, who is chairman of the selectors, and Captain E. W. Roberts—can be trusted to make the best use of them.

The International Board's theory is excellent up to a point, and every forward should have a thorough grounding in the essentials of the game. There should be no fixed positions in schools or clubs, but where it is a question of county or International matches it is clear that the best men must be selected for their special jobs. That is England's principle, at any rate, and it will be something like a miracle if the other countries do not follow suit.

HARLEQUIN.

days when you and I went gaily forth on Christmas Rugger tours, with hearts as light as our pockets, and fit as be-damned. Well, every dog has his day, we have had ours, and now it is the turn of the youngsters of to-day, who, to do them justice, seem to be in many ways chips of the old block. Good luck to them all; they deserve it.

The best of fortune, too, to those estimable and hardworking gentlemen, the England selectors. They have brought off two more or less successful trials, and have only one more before the visit of our Welsh friends on January 21, when they will have to stand or fall by the result of their labours. Their job is a hard one, but it has its compensations. They must, for instance, derive a lot of amusement from some of the adverse criticism freely bestowed on them by young gentlemen who know nothing of Rugby, or indeed of anything else. At the head of these stands an ingenuous youth who once devoted half a column to the claims of A. to play stand-off half for England, quite oblivious of the fact that A.'s appearances in the Rugby field had hitherto been made at scrum-half.

Still, that is modern journalism, and we have learned to expect that kind of thing not only in Rugby but in every kind of sport. Witness the appalling drivel that is served up as criticism on the Test matches. The Sydney barrackers have gained a name for themselves, but they are not half as bad as the larrikins of the English Press. The argument is, one imagines, that they must live, but is that really necessary?



THE HARLEQUINS XV. v. THE O.M.T.s

R. S. Crisp

Everyone who looked on at this match at Teddington, where the Harlequins showed signs of a come-back by winning by a goal and two tries to a try, was frozen to the marrow—and even the players felt the nip. Peter Brooke's return to the Harlequin pack was a very welcome event, but it has to be borne in mind that they did not beat a war-strength O.M.T. team

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—H. A. Style, K. H. Chapman, P. R. Bowring, J. F. G. Dingle, C. Thompson, H. C. Pattison, J. E. Monk, C. E. Beamish, and J. D. Chapman; front row—P. E. Hodge, G. J. Dean, C. R. Hinds Howell, J. C. Gibbs (captain), A. E. C. Prescott (match captain), J. S. R. Reeve, and P. W. P. Brook



THE OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS' TEAM

R. S. Crisp

This team, as noted in the few kind words below the picture at the top, was beaten a goal and two tries to a try by the Harlequins, but the O.M.T.s are still suffering from the disadvantages of recent casualties, the Heck brothers still being absent, and J. C. Arnold came on to the ground lame, so that the Harlequins' win must not be taken too seriously

The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—F. W. English, W. R. Spragg, P. R. L. Heath, M. Vaughan, J. C. Arnold, L. Thorpe, E. W. R. Goff and J. R. Dothie; front row—E. H. Edmonds, D. M. Parry, R. F. Tebbutt, L. Bywater (captain), F. F. Spragg, K. M. Wilkins, and R. G. Turnbull

*Jaeger***PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN**

A new and charming portrait of a Royal bride and bridegroom, taken on their recent return to Stockholm after their honeymoon. It will be remembered that the marriage of the Crown Prince of Sweden's eldest son to Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was celebrated at Coburg on October 20. Over fifty Royal guests were present, among them the Prince of Wales and Prince George, who are cousins of Prince Gustaf Adolf. They are also related to the former Princess Sybille, who, like her bridegroom, is a great-grandchild of Queen Victoria. The Princess has been welcomed by her adopted country with enormous enthusiasm; in fact, she has taken Stockholm by storm



H.E. SIGNOR GRANDI, THE GUEST OF HONOUR, AND SIR A. SHIRLEY BENN

When the Knights of the Round Table Club gave a banquet at their H.Q., the Hyde Park Hotel, in especial honour of H.E. the Italian Ambassador, Signor Dino Grandi, Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, M.P., the Knight-President, was in King Arthur's Seat. Sir Travers Clarke is Knight-Councillor and H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Regis de Oliveira, is Senior Knight, Vice-President of the Club, which was founded in 1720

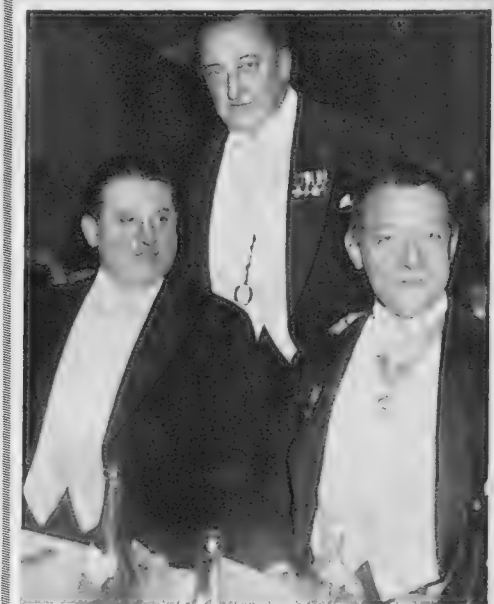


THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

Entertaining
H.E. the Italian Ambassador



LORD MILDMAY OF FLETE HAD LORD LUGARD AS NEIGHBOUR



LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH AND COLONEL SHELMERDINE

The Director of Civil Aviation and Lord Balfour of Burleigh were in serious mood, but Alderman Ben Smith, formerly Treasurer to H.M.'s Household, was in good heart. The same could be said of the Secretary for Air, Lord Londonderry

ALDERMAN BEN SMITH, MR. GERALD McDONALD AND MAJOR H. HUGHES



LT.-GEN. SIR TRAVERS CLARKE, MR. BANNISTER (KNIGHT) AND FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CLAUD JACOB



AT THE KNIGHT-REMEMBRANCER'S TABLE

The camera focuses on Sir Percival Clarke, Captain Ernest Nicks (the Knight-Remembrancer), Signor Nello de Facci Negrati, from the Italian Embassy, Colonel J. S. Mellor and Mr. H. Thomas, one of the Knights. Sir Percival Clarke (on left of group) is Chairman of the London Sessions

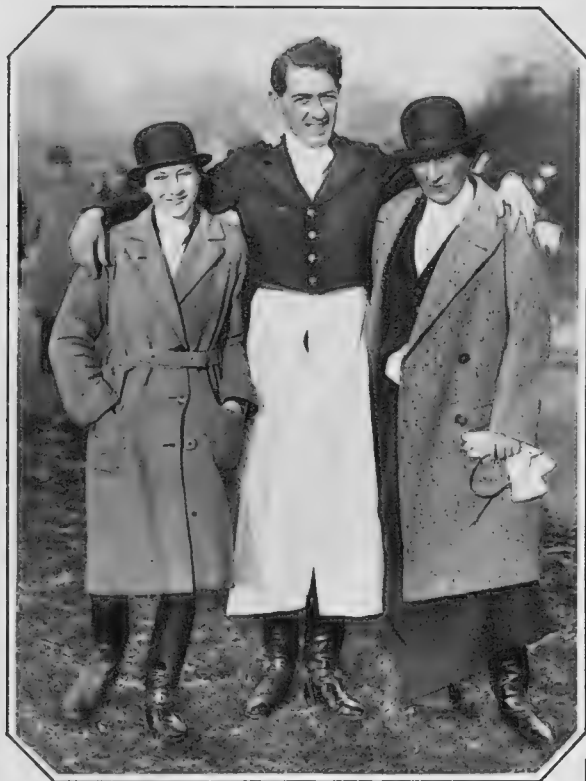
Photographs by Arthur Owen



H.E. SENHOR DE OLIVEIRA AND LORD LONDONDERRY

MELTONIANS

Mainly at Harlaxton Manor



THREE OF THE BEST

Lady Daresbury with her son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Edward ("Toby") and Mrs. Greenall, at the Belvoir meet at Harlaxton Manor, when frost cancelled the day's hunting. Harlaxton belongs to Mr. Pearson Gregory



LADY CONYERS WITH THE BELVOIR SECRETARY, COL. JEFFERY LOCKETT



MRS. JACK HARRISON AND MRS. LEZARD

The two ladies above are busy exchanging quips with an invisible Mrs. Gordon Colman, who preferred to remain snugly in her auto on a cold and frosty morning and thus evaded the camera barrage at Harlaxton, which was unusually severe



LADY ENID TURNOR AND HER DAUGHTER AND MISS LOCKETT



CAPTAIN HERBERT TURNOR AND ROSEMARY

No one was more bitterly disappointed than Miss Rosemary Turnor, the elder daughter of Captain and Lady Enid Turnor, when the Duke of Rutland's Hounds were frozen out. To be so near and yet so far from fun was indeed hard to bear. Quite a lot of people arrived at Harlaxton Manor optimistically attired, but Lady Conyers and Colonel Jeffery Lockett had evidently anticipated the decision of the Master, Colonel Gordon Colman. The Hon. Mrs. Henry Broughton was hunting in Leicestershire as Miss Diana Fellowes last season, and everybody is delighted to have her back again



THE HON. MRS. BROUGHTON

Howard Barrell

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



Mlle. CHRISTIANE
DELYNE

A blonde and beautiful French screen star, and also a great stage favourite. She made a quite decisive success in Louis Verneuil's play "Avril" at the Variétés

TRÈSCHER,—I do not know when, of recent times, I have seen a more beautiful show than this, the new revue *La Joie de Paris*, at the Casino; and yet I vow that I was certain of being utterly fed up with the formula: *revue à grand spectacle*. In the last year or so it had come to mean, in my humble opinion, nothing but a kaleidoscopic pageant of gaudy, frosted scenery, of very naked show-ladies of varied—and not always perfect—shapes and shades; of crashing, noisy music; of vulgar sketches; of—but why continue? You have sat through the sort of thing I mean times without number.

Dufrène and Varna have *changé tout cela*. Gone are the naked ladies of diverse dimensions prowling and posturing about the stage with the bored and blatant air of their kind; there are some nude mannequins, of course, since they are as much part of a revue in Paris as the all-British dancing girls, without which no self-respecting music hall can ring up its curtain; but in this production they are all so perfect, so divinely tall and fair, and they move with such quiet grace in the midst of their revealing draperies (the dressing of the production is due to a young girl who is a great artist—Mlle. Jenny Carré), that they invest their beautiful bodies with a dignity that enhances their loveliness.

The scenery does not show a discordant or a harsh note. Wonderful and delicate colourings, simplicity of line and ingenious lighting, lead from one enchantment to another,



Photo. Manasse

and where gorgeousness becomes necessary, it is the gorgeousness of perfect taste. Deep, plain colours in that most wonderful material for stage purposes: velvet, and, where brilliancy is required, the rainbow flashing of *diamanté*. An exquisite reconstitution of an eighteenth-century *Singerie* at Versailles is a riot of gold and vivid touches of colour in the rococo manner, and forms a striking contrast with a very novel tableau, "The Man and the Machine," in which all the many dancing troupes (the 16 Helena Stars, the King's London Boys, Nikolsk's Russian Dancers, Lysana's *danseuses* and Spring's Ballet) of the company, dressed in black tights, manipulate, in groups of six, long silver poles that give an effect of piston-rods "up-stage"; while Spadolini, a male dancer—and most magnificent animal—dances in the foreground, his sun-tanned, muscular body nude against the sombre yet gleaming back-ground of the human machines . . . and the finale, when, thanks to the big tank and water supply of the Casino stage, luminous fountains play, rising in delicate, swaying plumes to the flies and pouring in scintillating rain from the wings.

But only to mention *all* the lovely scenes of the show would fill this page, and, *entre nous*, I am in rather a hurry to get to the actress who stars in this production and is its moving spirit. When I first saw Josephine

Baker, some five or six years ago, she was one of the lightest of the many coloured maidens of the first *Revue Nègre* given at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, and I then disliked her with the wholeheartedness of my hopelessly sincere nature. I say "hopeless" because sincerity seems to be a terrible crab in the journalistic world (not, mark ye, that I *would* change . . . even if I could!). Here, thought I—and wrote I at the time—is the loveliest creature I have ever seen, perfect in form, with slender, long-muscled legs, and a wonderful mover. Her sense of rhythm was, in those early days, already remarkable, her voice was small but true, and her dancing was graceful, despite the fact that, so far as I remember, it was confined to the performance of a few Charleston steps. Josephine in repose was one of the most enchanting young things one could wish to see, and yet, in my opinion, she spoiled herself by the grimaces and contortions that Paris acclaimed as being *du dernier cri . . . nègre*!

Her success was great with the majority of the public, but I felt she could do better. In a revue at the Folies, she was much the same as at her début. Then I saw her in a silent film—taken from one of Dekobra's best-sellers, I believe—and again I felt sure she had dramatic possibilities. She left Paris for a prolonged European tour, and then returned to the Casino and was seen to have made immense progress. Her singing of "*J'ai deux Amours . . . mon pays et Paris*" brought the house down (this song is still one of my favourite gramophone records), and the popularity she enjoyed would have been enough to cause the usual revue nitwit to consider herself at the top of the tree and dispense with any further effort.

Not so our Josephine. Off she goes for another tour, plus any amount of hard work in every spare moment! Singing and dancing lessons and probably elocution, although she has always had a perfection diction; with the result that she has now returned to Paris as the best revue actress that we have had the joy of acclaiming for many a year. In fact, I have never enjoyed any Casino *vedette* so whole-heartedly.

Despite the technique she has acquired through sheer, plodding work, she remains a natural and spontaneous actress, delightfully fresh and unsophisticated and so lovable in her sincerity. She has even studied ballet dancing, and her *pas seul*, in the eighteenth-century tableau, is charming. In a dramatic sketch she is very moving, and in a jazz number, during which she conducts a coloured orchestra in truly Hyltonesque manner, dancing and singing as well . . . she has to-be-seen-to-be-believed, for she is unique!

With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



LILI DAMITA—A YAWN—
AND SOME PERFECT
TEETH

All these pictures of flicker celebrities were taken when they were not particularly busy, and purely as photographs they are extremely decorative. Lili Damita, who was born in France and has done the bulk of her work in French films, including "Madame Julie," a good one which London remembers, was busy on a Warner Brothers film, "The Match King," at the time this picture was taken. One of her earliest professional efforts was as a dancer at the Folies-Bergère. Mary Carlisle is what they call a "featured" player, just one step below the rarefied stratosphere in which the stars live. Lorena Layson is in a film called "Central Park," not actually in New York's famous pleasure ground—in those clothes!



MARY CARLISLE—
OFF DUTY



LORENA LAYSON IN "CENTRAL PARK"—
AND SOME CLOTHES

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

LONDON'S MOST POPULAR STAGE LOVERS
AT ODDS: EDNA BEST, HERBERT MARSHALL

TOM TITT

Aunt Edna Makes a Stand

HERE it is again, the devouring, tyrannical family; the Family stripped naked by Samuel Butler in the 1880's, arraigned by Shaw in the 'nineties, and whipped by the stage satire of Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*. And here she is again, the vampire Mother, who tolerates no allegiance except to herself, as in *The Silver Cord* and a dozen other remembered works in literature or the drama.

This traditional Family, as presented on the stage, stands for business and convention, as against art and imagination.

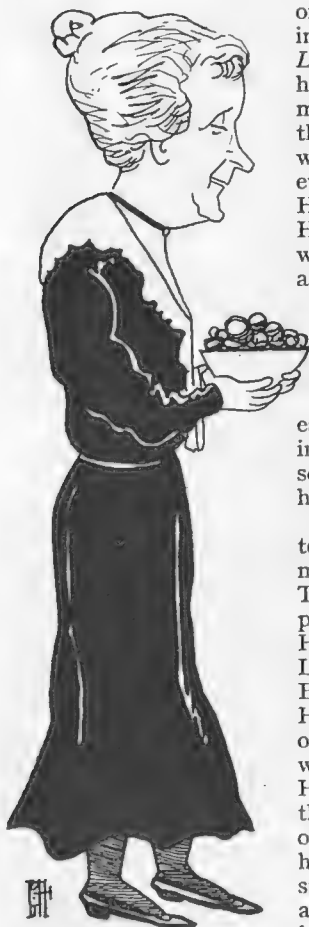
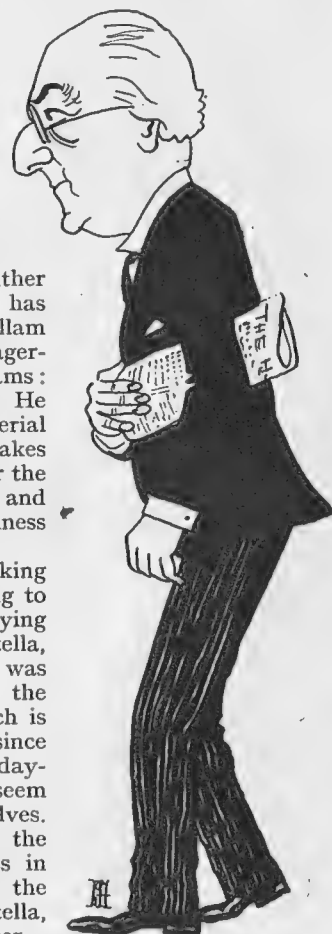
It inhabits either an industrial city or a London suburb. The Hallams, in Miss Rose Franken's *Another Language*, are suburbans; with their headquarters in the house of the matriarch. It is their rigid custom that four filial Hallams, complete with wives, must always come to Sunday evening supper with the parent Hallams. They must sit round Mother Hallam's dining-table, beneath magenta wallpaper and prints of Landseer stags, and discuss Hallamitis over sandwiches, cold meat, pickled onions, and cake made from recipes in *The Woman's Weekly*. The wives may dislike having the family round their necks, and feel a week's burden from each of these unpleasant Sunday evenings; but the mass weight of the family squashes the life out of protest. It is hell to be married to a Hallam.

For this kind of drama it is essential to have a rebel; and whoever it is must get the audience's sympathy. The new play at the Lyric is largely produced as a joint medium for Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, London's Most Popular Stage Lovers. But Mr. Marshall's rôle as the youngest Hallam son is a lean and unselfish one, and it is Miss Best, as his wife, who has the theatrical fat. Her Stella Hallam contends with the family for the individual soul, or whatever it is, of Victor Hallam, who after marriage has migrated with her to an un-suburban flat near Victoria. Miss Best and Stella help each other beautifully, but Mr. Marshall's is not among the three good parts in *Another Language*. The next best, after Stella Hallam, are

the mother, who uses pathos as an exaction, and young Peter Hallam, a grandson who is with Stella in standing for art and all that against business and all this, and who falls into impetuous love with his attractive aunt by marriage.

As a stage problem, the love affair of a romantic youth and his personable aunt is original. Tackled in realistic manner, it could even be devastating. Or, treated unseriously, it could bring novel sidelines (assuming that nephew and aunt were made to elope, the hotel-register difficulty could be solved by signing "John Smith and Aunt."). Miss Franken has treated the complication neither lightly nor with realism, but has sentimentalised it. Her Peter Hallam is a feminised conception, full of eagerness, vague charm, and moony dreams: a sort of minor Shelley *manqué*. He is fashioned from the same material as Stella Hallam herself, who takes up sculpture as a compensation for the lost ecstasies of early marriage, and who blends young Peter's mooniness with her own moonshine.

So we have aunt and nephew talking of aspirations and fulfilment, going to art exhibitions together, and buying each other dear little toys. For Stella, Peter represents what Victor was during the honeymoon, before the Hallam moths got at him. Which is not all moonshine, I suppose, since lots of wives may be found day-dreaming over young 'uns that seem to echo their husband's earlier selves. Nor, considering their context in the play, is there overmuch triteness in the clichés that circulate inside the odd family triangle of Aunt Stella, Uncle Victor, and Nephew Peter—the boy's insistent refrain about the husband, "He doesn't understand

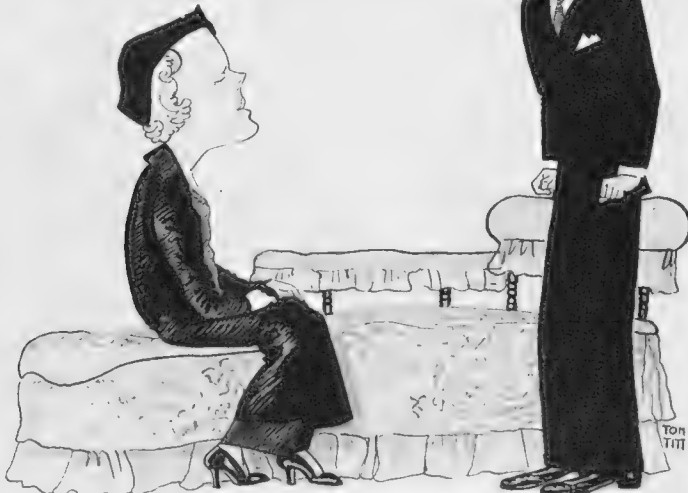
SUBURBAN MATRI-
ARCH: MARY JERROLDFATHER HALLAM:
MARCUS BARRON

you"; the admonition of loved aunt to loving nephew, that she is merely a preparation for the girl he will love some day; and the passage at arm's length between wife and husband, "Romance wears off, and something better takes its place."

But let us return to our Hallams (most of whom are as near to muttons as anything we have had on the London stage lately). Willing for any variation from the Sunday evening routine, they have persuaded old Mrs. Hallam to transfer the next supper-party to Victor's flat in Victoria. It begins badly, with the tyrannical old lady persuading herself into plaintive faintness from the stairs, although she has plenty of stairs of her own. It continues worse, when a horribly facetious Hallam goads young Peter into knocking out of his hand a cast of Uncle Victor's head, modelled by Aunt Stella. The general onslaught on Peter provokes Stella into championing her fellow-dreamer's desire to leave the family business for architecture. This brings into full action the issue between wife and mother, for which the authoress has clearly been preparing.

Mrs. Hallam, after a well-manipulated flare-up, leads her troop of bleating sheep back to suburban pastures. Miss Best and Mr. Marshall indulge themselves in a theatrical row, after which Mr. Marshall's Victor Hallam follows the rest and goes home to mother, leaving his wife alone with sadness, stacks of disdained sandwiches, and a psychological moment for the return of young Peter, charged with unhappiness and ardent appeal. A sentimental five minutes gradually brings him into Stella's arms; and the Second Act curtain falls on a long kiss which has no relation to those which Queen Victoria exchanged with her princely German nephews.

This, however, is no problem play, but one which, despite the conflict presented, implies from its start a comfortably sentimental ending. When the last act opens in the mother's home next morning, and we find that Victor has stayed there all night, we do not expect divorce or separation. On his side, the night has been spent apart from his wife because old Mrs. Hallam has conveniently fainted so as to keep him there—as one of the daughters-in-law says, if she drops a lash, the whole bunch of brothers comes trooping in. On Stella's side, the way to a happy conclusion is more difficult. She will come to Victor in answer to his telephone call on the morning after; but arrived, she cannot be expected to dive into easy reconciliation after having swum through stormy waters on the night before. It is her intention to separate from Victor for awhile, with the vague intention of "thinking things over."



IN LOVE WITH AUNT EDNA: EDNA BEST, LOUIS HAYWARD



SUNDAY SUPPER FOR DOWNTRODDEN WIVES: DORA BARTON, WINIFRED OUGHTON, MARGOT SIEVEKING



MOTHER-WORSHIP, OR HALLAM SONS TENDING MUMMY'S ELECTRIC IRON: GILBERT DAVIS, CHARLES MORTIMER, DOUGLAS JEFFERIES, HERBERT MARSHALL

Peter, whose fledgling personality has brought such havoc to his elders, is used for the final straightening out of family tangles. His parents arrive to proclaim that he has been out all night. Stella reveals that he left her flat at three in the morning. Where has he been since? It is known that he is in love with somebody or other. Enter the young man himself, to be bullied by father and uncles when he says he has been merely walking. Who is the mysterious woman he loves? Horrors, it is a married woman! He will not tell her name; but Aunt Stella admits it to be herself. Victor pretends to have known about the calf-love all along, and to have laughed over it with Stella.

Exit the Shelley *manqué*, with pride badly hurt, but with

permission to study architecture in Paris after all, as a means of removal from an awkward situation (which suggests that those desirous of family funds for foreign travel could hardly do better than make passionate love to their aunts or uncles). It only remains for Edna Best and Herbert Marshall to have another go at the centre of the stage, with Stella's declamatory insistence on full honesty about sweet Peter, and Victor's last-minute confession of error and selfishness. Henceforth, presumably, he will put wife before family, and will himself buy her the dear little toys she seems to crave. Romance will return to Victoria; and, away in Paris, the hurt heart of a lonely youth will recover under the healing influence of Art.

The best to be said of *Another Language* is that it has a certain charm in its own right, and displays the charm in Edna Best. Otherwise, it is unreal and rather mushy. Herbert Marshall nobly rises to a difficult occasion. Louis Hayward, by his personality and restrained performance, adds greatly to the part of Peter. The rest of the Hallams are well acted, especially by Mary Jerrold as the mother, Gilbert Davis as the facetious one, and Winifred Oughton as a tousled wife. Praise is due to Miss Auriol Lee, the producer, for ingenuity in arranging that three Hallam brothers should look so appallingly alike.

IN WARWICKSHIRE

Hounds meet at Upton House
after a Coming-of-Age Ball



ON THE STEPS

In spite of having danced half the night at the coming-of-age ball given by Lord and Lady Bearsted for their second son, the Hon. Peter Samuel, everyone appeared remarkably fresh when the Warwickshire Hounds met at Upton House. A red-letter day was in store for them



AT UPTON HOUSE

In this group, taken at Lord Bearsted's home, are: Lady Bearsted, the Hon. Peter Samuel, Miss Jean and Miss Ann Phillips, Lady Helen Primrose, Miss R. Rothschild, Miss Diana Wilson, Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Oldfield, Mr. Oldfield, Mr. Mercer-Nairne, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Poole, Mr. Lakin, the Hon. John Pearson and Mr. G. Houghton



THE HON. NANCY PEARSON (LEFT)
AND LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE



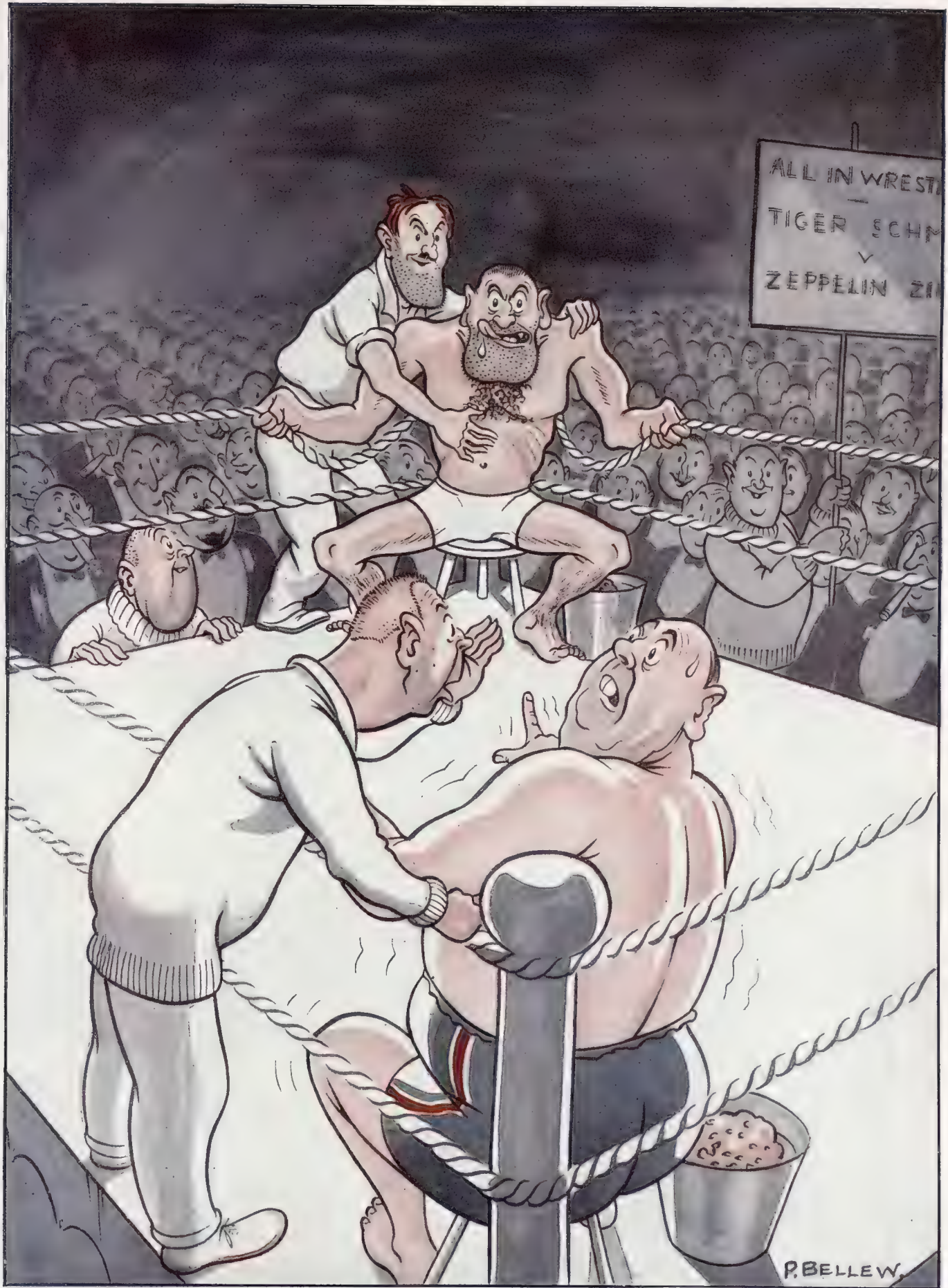
MRS. PHILIP DUNNE

MR. PETER ADAMS
AND MISS BAKER

There were any number of house parties for the Hon. Peter Samuel's coming-of-age ball, consequently the Warwickshire field was considerably reinforced at the Upton House meet next day. Lord Willoughby de Broke's "Joint," Mr. Philip Dunne (whose attractive wife is seen on the left), unfortunately broke a collarbone during the day's super fun. Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine never misses the chance of a hunt and took kindly to the Warwickshire country



LEADING THE FIELD: LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, M.F.H., AND MRS. SMITH RYLAND



W-ots 'e lookin' at me like that for?"
"Cos 'e ain't 'ad no meat for a month—and you'd better look out"

By P. BELLEW



HOMeward BOUND

By CHAS.



D—CHRISTMAS, 1932

PEARS.



The "Present" time
is very near... Remember

Player's Please

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

continued list of
50 for 2/6
100 for 4/10
150 for 7/3
Plain or Cask Tipped

N.C.C. 84.

AT WORCESTER'S RECENT JUMPING MEETING



MISS BAINBRIDGE AND MR. J. C. LUCAS
IN THE PADDOCK



MRS. TRAVERS ALDRIDGE AND MRS.
AND MISS RIMELL



SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS
AND MRS. T. A. HUSSEY



THE STOKES STEEPLECHASE: CAPTAIN R. E. SASSOON WINS ON HIS OWN
"PRIMROSE KNIGHT"



MRS. PATRICK DENNIS AND
MR. D. D. STEWART

The Worcester course is one of the prettiest in all England, and is on the banks of the Severn. In summer it is fairyland, and even in winter doesn't look too bad. The recent meeting was an excellent one, and a credit to the stage managers and performers alike. All sporting Worcestershire (and a good many others) was on the premises, including, as must be mentioned, the wife and daughter of the Worcestershire trainer, T. R. Rimell, who sent out the winner of this year's Grand National, "Forbra." Captain Sassoon had some of his running, and was rewarded for one bumper and some losers by winning the Stoke 'Chase on his own "Primrose Knight"—a nice cut of a horse who does not look as if he wanted that breast-band, as he does not seem to run up. Mrs. Patrick Dennis, who is in one of these snapshots, is the wife of the well-known Wrexham trainer

"AN ALL-ROUND ME 'AT CAST!"



Poole, Waterford

WITH THE MEATH: LADY ATHLUMNEY



Poole, Dublin

THE MEATH AT CORBALTON

Left to right, standing: Captain Harry Fowler, Lord Holmpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hartigan and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton. Mounted: Mrs. Connell, M.F.H., and Brig.-Gen. Dayrell Hammond



Crompton

IN CHESHIRE

Mrs. Charles Tomkinson, Mrs. Brown Poole and Miss Cotton-Ramsden Jodrell

This Cheshire group was taken when those hounds met at Broughall, near Whitchurch. Mrs. Charles Tomkinson wears that proud distinction, the Tarporley Green Collar, by virtue of Major Tomkinson's membership of the famous club. He is chairman of the Cheshire Hunt. Mrs. Brown Poole is also a "Green Collar," and Miss Cotton-Ramsden Jodrell is this year's lady patroness of the Tarporley Hunt Ball. Lord Mountgarret hunts his own hounds and shows great fun, and Major Dudgeon (Scots Greys) hunts the N. Kildare Harriers for Mrs. (Nancy) Connell (also Joint-Master the Meath)

Meath is a country which, according to some people's ideas, has the rest of the wide world "bate." Lady Athlumney is widow of the late Lord Athlumney, and in the group are one of the present masters, Mrs. Connell (the other is Mr. Lillingstone); two distinguished ex-masters, Captain Harry Fowler and Lord Holmpatrick; Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hartigan and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton



Anning

LORD MOUNTGARRET, M.F.H., AND THE YORK AND AINSTY (NORTH)



Poole, Dublin

MAJOR J. H. DUDGEON, N. KILDARE HARRIERS

A "LEAGUE OF NATIONS" GALLERY



Lafayette
MRS. GILBERT ST. AUBYN ALCOCK



Lafayette
LADY DERWENT



Vandyke
MISS BEATRICE
WAGSTAFF

With the exception of Miss Wagstaff, who is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Forbes Sempill, the Duchesa della Grazia and Mrs. Vereker, all the ladies in this page come from countries other than our own. Miss Wagstaff, incidentally, came out at the Hampshire Hunt Ball on the 16th. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Vereker, formerly Miss Bessie Surtees, is a sister-in-law of Lord Gort. Mrs. Gilbert St. Aubyn Alcock, wife of Lieut. Commander Alcock, R.N., was married in Budapest last month. She was then Miss Maria Berky. Lady Derwent, before her marriage, was the Comtesse Czaykowska. The Duchesa della Grazia was formerly Lady Hermione Herbert, a daughter of Lord Powis



Lafayette
THE HON. MRS. ROBERT VEREKER



Lafayette
THE DUCHESA DELLA GRAZIA

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE well-built amateur soprano wanted to get into non-stop variety. She accordingly went along to interview an agent, and showed him a list of the songs she could sing. The agent glanced through it, and then looked at the applicant.

"You've got a pretty big repertoire, haven't you?" he said.

The singer blushed a little. "Well," she replied, "it's the singing that develops one, you know."

A Scotsman was flying from Croydon to Switzerland, and the pilot, looking round, noticed that his passenger appeared to be very ill. His face was red, and he was perspiring freely. When they stopped at Paris, the pilot suggested that the Scot should break his journey and see a doctor.

The Scotsman shook his head. "I'm a' richt!" he exclaimed. "There's nothin' wrang wi' me."

"But there must be something the matter with you," expostulated the pilot. "You look terrible."

"Well, it's like this," explained the other. "When I was comin' to Croydon by your car I read a notice which said extra luggage was threepence a pound. I wasna' goin' t' pay a' that, so I slipped on ma extra clothes."

He opened his overcoat. Underneath was another overcoat. He also had on two jackets, two waistcoats, and three pairs of trousers!

A lady was purchasing a hot-water geyser, after deciding to dispense with the boiler fires in the house. She decided on a certain model, and the effusive shopman said: "This will be sent along straight away with full directions enclosed."

"Oh, thank you," replied the purchaser, "but I've had a bath before."

A prisoner was giving evidence on his own behalf, and making a bad job of it.

At last the judge stopped him.

"You are lying so clumsily," he said, "that I should advise you to get a lawyer."



MISS MYRA MORTON

An attractive study by Bertram Park of the beautiful young actress who is appearing in the Windmill Theatre production entitled "Revudeville" No. 18, a sparkling variety-cum-revue show which is a pleasant relaxation for the person called "the tired business man"

Two farmers had many arguments as to which could grow the best produce. One day one of them sent his son to borrow the other's cross-cut saw.

"What does he want it for?" the latter asked.

"Well," said the boy, "he's got a cabbage so big he says he'll want the saw before he can get it into the barrow."

"Go back and tell him he can't have it. I've got it fast in a potato," was the reply.

"I'm just off, dear," said Jones, on his way to the races. "Do you want me to back any particular horse for you?"

"Yes," replied his wife; "put my money on that nice-looking horse we noticed specially at Epsom. He looked such an aristocrat."

That evening Jones returned, and was asked by his wife how the horse got on.

"My dear," he said, "he was an aristocrat, as you said; but, like so many others, he was the last of his race."

A young man who had run up some fairly high card debts was forced to confess the position to his father. The parent read him a very severe lecture, and said that for the last time he would pay the debts.

"But," he added, "if there's any more of this gambling I'll cut you off, and you'll have to go navvying."

What will you say when you find yourself handling that sort of spade?"

"I'm afraid," murmured the young man, "I'm afraid I shall say 'No bid'!"

They were newly married, and were having their first Christmas. As they were having guests, and the husband was still a novice at carving, his wife insisted on his learning how to carve the turkey from the cookery-book.

When the turkey appeared on the table, however, the host was plainly at a loss as to how to begin.


"Why don't you carve it, dear?" asked his wife anxiously. "You know exactly how it's done."

"Of course I do," replied her spouse, "but I can't find the dotted lines!"

"Happy Christmas?"

It's a CASE of
SPEY ROYAL
SCOTCH WHISKY
10 years old & 12'6 per bot.

YOU'LL BE GLAD
YOU GOT
GILBEY'S

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

W. & A. GILBEY
TEN YEARS OLD
Spey Royal

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"



Constantinides, Cairo

THE OLD WYKEHAMISTS POLO TEAM IN CAIRO

This team won the Public Schools Cup which was put up by the 11th Hussars. The runners-up were the 12th Lancer Old Etonians. There were three O.E. Teams, two old Wykehamists, one Old Harrovian and one Old Wellingtonian. In this picture of the winners the names are, left to right: Mr. K. Savill (12th Lancers), Major A. V. Pope (14th/20th Hussars), Mr. A. Horsbrugh-Porter (12th Lancers), and Major J. A. T. Miller (14th/20th Hussars)

Here's a health to the eyes and the lips that we love,
A goblet of wishes that sparkle and fizz!
Good-bye to old Care and the fears of the morrow!
Here's Fortune to all for the Christmas that is!

Let Laughter wipe out the sad tear
from the eye,
Hitch your heart to the stars that twinkle
above:
Give "Frolic" his head: give rein to
gay "Folly"!
A bumper I pledge you as deep as my
love!

NOT verse so much as you would notice,
but meant, every word of it! It is
the time when we have got to curl
our tails up right over our backs
and look over the tops of the fences, however
black and unjumpable they may seem. You
can always get the other side somehow: no
fence is impossible *with a fall*—and maybe,
if you put enough ginger into it, the fall
may not happen. Even if it does, and you
are half the cove I know you are, forget you've
broken a collar-bone and your head is hum-
ming like a brass band: get up on your two
pins before he has had time to get on to his
four ones: don't let him get away: climb
aboard and, muzzy and dizzy as you may be,
gallop on! It's the only way to defeat Fate—
and the only stuff she understands, the lady
dog! Don't let on you're hurt: call her bluff
and be damned to her, and gallop on! Gallop
on and go at the last one as if it were not
there at all! Don't chuck it! Punch him out
to the last ounce! Blast the danger! Blast
the grouse and the ravens! Gallop on and
forget the fences!

* * *

In these times when the papers are so fond
of stunts—an Athenian proclivity which
probably is justified—why not get people to
set down in print their earliest succinct
recollections of the first Christmas they
can remember? I am not so sure that one
of the silliest proverbs ever perpetrated
was not "*Tout passe! Tout casse! Tout
lasse!*" I am sure that this is quite untrue.

Everything comes round again; every-
thing mends; everything seems new if
only you give it time enough to grow old.

The trouble about reminiscences is
that, usually, they are too verbose. It
is possible, however, that if they were
in tabloid form people might read them.
How's this for an example? Killarney,
Gap of Dunloe—horse that seemed at
least 17.2. Ulster coat—rain—bog—boat—
guide's bugle—eagles, terrified shooting
the "rapids" to lower lake—Queens-
town—Cunarder—bad weather—nearly
overboard, saved by quarter-master—New
York—Fifth Avenue—little girl opposite
eating corn on the cob—asked if I mightn't
have some "teeth to eat" too?—train
to Montreal—nigger attendant, first I'd
ever seen bar Uncle Bones of Margate
Beach, making beds—very kind man—
gave me some "candy"; St. Lawrence
Hotel—meet of Montreal hounds—youth
with cut head—mare came it over stone
wall kicked him—taken home in flea-
bitten fly by my parents—his parents
our life-long friends ever after—snow
sleighs—hunters all roughed and driven—
bells and no other sound—Christmas—apple
shed at foot of toboggan slide down
Mont Royal—mountain ash—maple
sugar—gorgeous Christmas party—immortalised self by telling
lovely lady who insisted upon kissing me—"man cannot
marry his grandmother"—Quebec-Montrealer Rugger match
—corpses galore—then the Atlantic again!



THE OXFORD-ALLSORTS CLUB

In the picture are the Hon. W. Douglas-Home, R. D. Schuster, A. D. H. Tollemache, W. J. ("Bottle") Armitage and Brian Johnston. The Allsorts Club, composed of Oxford undergraduates from "The House," New College and Magdalen, does not belie its name! It specializes in all sorts of sport, from race-meetings to tiddleywinks, Soccer to croquet, and all-comers are entertained. They have played a series of games against Eton, Harrow, fishmongers, bus-drivers and Oxford hotel-waiters. Mr. Brian Johnston is the club president, and a real live wire he is! On Port Meadow, Oxford, recently, they organized a flat meeting of four races, the winner in each to compete in a final race for the President's Cup. After much excitement and many "objections" and disqualifications, Mr. W. A. K. ("Bushey") Carr won the Cup on "Aubrey," a hot favourite. The Hon. W. Douglas-Home and the Hon. L. G. B. Brett were persistent and capable stewards and Mr. P. C. Spencer-Smith an able judge. The Hon. W. Douglas-Home is Lord and Lady Home's son, and the Hon. L. G. B. Brett's parents are Lord and Lady Esher. Good luck to the club!

Don't be vague—ask for Haig

ON THE TRAIN

IN THE AIR

AT THE THEATRE

FOR THE HOME

IN THE CLUB

ON BOARD SHIP

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

GOOD OLD MATURED WHISKY IS THE BEST AND SAFEST BEVERAGE AT ALL TIMES

AIR EDDIES * By OLIVER STEWART

Travel Traditions.

THERE was a time when travel was another name for trouble; when getting from A to B was a struggle with incomprehensible time-tables, a battle with baggage, a tackling of ticket-collectors, a competition with false connections, fast and slow trains, ups and downs, ins and outs, this-ways and that-ways, platforms, subways, and slip-coaches, notices, warnings, rules, by-laws, smoke, soot, cinders, station waiting-rooms, and—crowning horror—the brown, boiling, and slightly bitter fluid issued immemorably by railway caterers under the title of tea or, alternately, coffee. To arrive under these conditions was proof of a high degree of persistence, a loud voice, or a lot of money.

For the sensitive person of modest means, who cannot buy up whole suites and the services of hordes of officials, a boat-train voyage between one country and another, even though the distance is small, is purgatory. The sins of the steam-engines are visited upon the children. Is it not all written in the great railway saga compiled by comic artists, critics and comedians? In that traditional body of railway lore will be found the foot-warmers that do not warm, the ventilators that do not ventilate, the lights that do not light, the non-stop trains that stop a great many times, the fast trains that are slow, the express trains that are slower, the connections that do not connect, the arrival times that are not the times of arrival, the first-class carriages that are not first class, the local services that do not serve.

Fortunately, the sufferings of the traveller can now be alleviated, for aviation has appeared and has changed the aspect of international communications. To-day, he who deliberately travels between London and Paris, for instance, by any other way than by the air way can only be compared with those enthusiasts who lie for long periods of time stretched at full length upon beds composed of a great number of sharp iron spikes pointing upwards, or who drive needles, pins, and other penetrating instruments into various parts of their bodies—not, be it noted, in order to prove the durability, long life, or sound construction of their bodies, but simply to hurt themselves. Those who travel internationally by other ways than the air way are deliberately and unnecessarily hurting themselves.

I do not claim that the Imperial Airways way to Paris is better than any other way solely on my own authority. I claim it on the authority of those who recently made their way to Paris for the Salon de l'Aviation by Imperial Airways aeroplanes. Among them were some of the most distinguished engineers in Great Britain, men conversant with aircraft and aero-engines, intensely critical and able and ready to notice immediately any faults or imperfections in the service. They and the Air Ministry officials, pilots and business men who went over to the Salon, provided probably the most

critical and aeronautically the best-informed group of passengers Imperial Airways has ever had to cope with. I took pains to gather the opinions of these competent judges both in the air on the way out and back and in Paris during the Show.

A Unanimous Verdict.

The opinion was unanimous that air travel, as it is presented by the British company to-day on the London-Paris service, is the best form of travel yet devised. It is the quickest, the most comfortable, the most interesting and the simplest. Experience of the service showed these competent judges that, apart from two minor points which I shall deal with in a moment, there was nothing to attack. In essentials it was unanimously agreed that there never has been a finer transport service of any kind. Before passing on to the criticisms I have referred to, congratulations must be passed

on to Sir Eric Geddes, Mr. G. E. Woods Humphrey, Colonel H. Burchall, Mr. H. L. Hall and Major Brackley. They have performed between them, and with the aid of their staff of pilots and ground engineers, a feat whose magnitude is still not widely appreciated.

The skill of the pilots is beyond praise in the truest sense. That is to say, they make the flying of a large transport machine, carrying, perhaps, thirty-eight passengers, seem simple, ordinary and uneventful. They make it seem so ordinary a thing that its successful accomplishment does not seem to call for praise. Probably only those, who, like myself, used to ply backwards and forwards across the Channel in 1916, piloting new machines over to the Expeditionary Force, can fully understand how great is the advance to the flying technique of to-day. In those days every other trip was an adventure: in these, no trip is an adventure.



THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE JUNIOR AERO CLUB

Impressions by "Mel" of the First Annual Dinner of the Junior Aero Club. The Club was started by the late Sir Henry Segrave and others, and held its Inauguration Dinner in March, 1931. The two guests of the evening at the above dinner were C. W. A. Scott, who broke the record in his flight to Australia in May this year, and A. C. M. Jackaman, who is a well-known personality in the aviation world and was mainly responsible for the success of the Week-End Aerien, when foreign pilots were entertained in this country last summer.

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Vastly Respectable.

IT is related, though with what degree of truth I should not like to say, that when Henry Ford was concerned chiefly with the production of the famous "universal" Model T, he was asked what choice of colours he gave his customers. To which he replied that they could have absolutely any colour they liked "providing it was black." And now, by way of contrast, it is rather a curious thing that, in this country at any rate, Fords are amongst the brightest-hued cars on the road. Now, I used at one time to chuckle over another story, this time of a British car manufacturer, and equally apocryphal or true as the case may be. He had a leaning towards the funereal, too, but he did offer a choice of finish, to wit, black or blue black. One of his chief agents who had rather a sporty clientèle was always complaining about this. "They don't want to buy hearses," he said. "Supposing one of my customers has made a killing in the City and wants to give his little girl friend a nice town car, *she* isn't going to have black, she wants something lively and smart. And if she couldn't have it I should lose the order."

"Well," said the motor manufacturer after some reflection, "if she insisted on flaunting about in a skittish colour scheme, we might do her a deep maroon." Since then the times have changed a lot and the cars for which this maker is responsible can be had in a variety of colours in conformity with what are supposed to be modern requirements. Nevertheless, I am driven to believe that his original attitude was right all the same; for how many cars that can be described as "twopence coloured" are to be seen on the roads and the streets of to-day? I spent an hour or two recently making a private census and, leaving out the comparatively giddy-hued taxicabs, the brilliant buses, and the chromatic vans I found that about 90 per cent. of vehicles were as near black as makes no difference. And the new ones seemed to be no brighter than the not so new. Evidently the Olympia flower garden of cellulose bloomed in vain, though, goodness knows, it was lively enough, and everybody set such store by the new colour schemes. A few years ago the desire to be modest, respectable, and even retiring was natural enough, for to present a rakish appearance, or even to look as though you were out for enjoyment, and not mere transport, was to ask for trouble. Since then, however, we ought to have progressed a bit. And yet, perhaps, I don't know. It must be principally to the benefit of cats that they all look alike in the dark, and it might be a good thing for us if all our cars wore the same uniform, as indeed they do when they come under these new Philips Sodium flood-lights that are being tried out on the Croydon by-pass road. Very effective these appear to be, too. There cannot be any doubt that, even allowing for the fact that they are erected at rather short intervals, they do give an extraordinarily good, soft, and effective illumination of the road, together with a quite

remarkable clarity of vision. The self-colour of the light is amber and, being entirely mono-chromatic, it takes all the colour out of everything. One glance at your passenger's face, under this effulgence, is so shocking that you feel you ought to take her to the nearest hospital. As far as I can see, that is the only disadvantage of this most ingenious and economical lighting scheme. But isn't this funny? Here is something quite new and so efficient that it is said one can safely drive in it at seventy miles an hour without head-lights. Yet, by my observation, half the cars that traverse this stretch do so with their needless lights full ablaze. Some day we shall take a leaf out of the French-

man's book, and ban all head-lamps within the street-lit areas.

* *

Step Forward.

Just recently I had a chance of trying the Triumph 12, a jolly little 6-cylinder saloon that in *de luxe* form—and this is no misnomer—comes at the very modest price of £198. It is, as might be expected of a product of so eminent a firm, a conscientious job down to the last detail. Its performance, measured against the clock, is definitely better than it at first seems to be, for the engine, although vivacious, is exceedingly smooth, and, indeed, it is only at one fairly high speed that the slightest suggestion of vibration asserts itself. Nor is the power plant at

AT UN-LEAFY LINGFIELD

The Hon. Mrs. Westmacott, Sir Peter Grant Lawson, the well-known G.R., and Mrs. Godstone—a part of the shivering crowd at this good meeting. Mrs. Westmacott is a sister of Lord St. Oswald and the wife of Captain Guy Westmacott, late Grenadier Guards

all noisy, third gear being very quiet; and the ratio so selected that it is very convenient in traffic yet at the same time useful for quick acceleration, when required, in the open. The only thing I didn't like about this part of the car was that the gear lever, when in the reverse and low range notches, was rather inclined to be in the way of the passenger. The bodywork is excellently finished and, though somewhat on the narrow side, quite comfortable for four full-sized passengers. Altogether the Triumph 12 is a very nice car both to drive and to ride in. One feature puts it literally in a class by itself. This is the provision of a permanent jacking system to which too much praise cannot be given. I know that with modern tyres and modern roads jacks are very seldom required, but, nonetheless, when they are required they are inevitably wanted in a hurry. Moreover, there is simply nothing worse in the whole gamut of motoring experience than groping, on a cold, wet night, under dripping mudwings, for some place under which to put the ordinary sort of jack. And then, the getting of the handle into action, and the consequent barking of knuckles against excrescences. Oh, yes, I have had some. Plenty, in fact. This Triumph jacking scheme is very neatly arranged. You take a sort of combination tool, like a starting handle, from under the bonnet, and with this you take the dirt cover off the mechanism, which is underneath the running-board at either side. A second movement brings the jack into position; a third engages the foot thereof with the ground; and a fourth, in which a ratchet is employed, raises the whole side of the car in a jiffy and with extraordinarily little effort. Once the car is "up" there is no risk whatsoever of the jack slipping or playing silly tricks of that kind—the vehicle is, in fact, just as stable as if it were on its four wheels.



ALSO: THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET AND MRS. FOSTER

The Hon. Dorothy Paget is a daughter of Lord Queenborough, and one of her's—King Oscar—ran a good second to the hot favourite Residue in the Dormans Steeplechase at Lingfield



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(2) So at 12 o'clock he walked into our showrooms. He wanted a Rolls Royce.



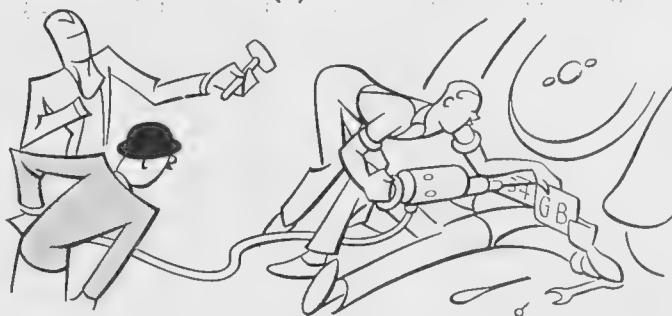
(4) At 1.10 he had settled on the Hire Purchase Terms and paid the Deposit.



(5) At 1.15 it was insured.



(6) At 1.30 it was registered. At 1.45 it was taxed and new Continental documents were obtained.



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CHIVALRY

A Short Story by MOLLY CASTLE

WILLIAM MORRISON unfolded the morning paper and glanced at the headlines.

"I see they've caught that chap Inger," he remarked.

"About time too," said his friend, George Thompson, from the opposite corner of the carriage. "Wonder what they'll do with him? Chap like that ought to be drawn and quartered. Hanging's too good."

The third man in the carriage, John Rogers, looked up.

"He'll probably get about ten years, reduced to about four and a half. When he gets out he'll write his prison experiences for the Sunday Press and float another company on the proceeds."

"You're about right," said Thompson. "Best thing they could do is to let him loose among the small-holders he's scavenged on. Failing that, the cat."

"Of course, I don't hold any brief for the chap," said Morrison. "Still, I do feel that it's no good letting sentiment interfere with business. Nowadays it's every man for himself."

"I agree with you that chivalry has no place in commerce," put in Thompson. "But there's such a thing as decency and honesty."

"I'm not sure that even chivalry hasn't got its place," said John Rogers. "At least, if what you mean by chivalry is a certain amount of manners and a consideration for other people's feelings, then it was responsible for the best deal I ever did. In fact, you might say it was the beginning of any success I've had."

William Morrison looked out of the window. It was getting foggy as they approached London. They'd be late reaching Paddington.

"As far as I can remember," he remarked; "the first thing of any size you tackled was the Baradine concession."

"It's just that I'm talking about," said John.

Morrison looked sceptical. "You can't tell me that chivalry had anything to do with that affair. I've met old Jake Baradine."

George Thompson looked up. "I've always wanted to know how you got the better of Jake."

"I don't know that I ever got the better of him exactly," said John. "Still . . ."

"As you know all this happened some years ago when I was young and enthusiastic. I was sure I could do big things if only I could get an opportunity to prove it, but about the most responsible job I got for a year was sticking a stamp on someone else's letters. About that time there was a great deal of talk about the Baradine concession. The concession was of vital importance to my firm, but it was obtainable only through old Baradine himself. All the partners had tried, but so far not one of them had succeeded in getting Jake to sign on the dotted line."

"The last attempt was made by Rochdale, the most junior partner. The morning he came back an atmosphere of gloom spread through the office. If he had failed—well, that was that. By lunch time the youngest office boy knew he hadn't pulled it off."

"Have you ever seen anyone unsuccessfully tackling one of those wire puzzles? Doesn't it always give you an itch to try it for yourself? Well, I felt the same about Baradine. There must be some way to get at him. I wanted to have a shot at it. I went into Mr. Rochdale's office to put it to him, and they were all there holding the inquest. I told him I had an idea."

"What exactly is it?" asked Rochdale.

"It rather depends on secrecy," I explained. "If you'd just let me try it out . . ."

"The end of it was they agreed. It wasn't until I was on the boat on my way to Amsterdam that I remembered that I hadn't any sort of idea at all and was just hoping for luck."

"Arriving in Amsterdam I went to my hotel. I had a week to work out something. I realized that the ordinary methods of approach were useless. If the partners had failed there was just that much less chance for me."

"With a view to finding out where, if anywhere, Jake was vulnerable, I decided to nose around town a bit. Luckily I'd grown rubber in Java for a year or two and I knew a certain amount of Dutch. I wandered around in bars drinking with people. I got very little further. Everyone in Amsterdam knew of Jake Baradine and I picked up some information about him. But none that suggested a possible means of approach. On the evening of my fourth day a fancy-dress ball was due to

take place, an annual affair of some importance rather like our own Three Arts. People thought that Baradine might turn up. Out of fifteen hundred people it was unlikely that I should meet him, but it was worth a ticket to the ball."

"I hired a costume and a mask. It was all very gay; very like any other large fancy dress ball. But I've never felt so alone as I felt during the first couple of hours. It seemed more like ten before I ran into one of my newly found acquaintances."

"Why don't you dance?" he asked me.

"I don't know anyone," I said.

"What does it matter? Who can tell whether you know them or not while everyone is masked?" Then he pointed out various well-known people, though he had not, he said, seen Baradine.

"I decided to take my friend's advice. I singled out a Venetian lady, tall and slender, and I followed her with my eyes. She had partners, of course, but presently one of them left her, probably to fetch her a drink. It was my opportunity and I asked her to dance. We danced. She was a beautiful dancer. She discovered at once, of course, that I was English and after that we talked in English. Her voice was delightful with a slightly guttural Garbo quality."

"I wanted to see what she looked like; her eyes, big and brown, encouraged me to want to see more. But she refused to unmask. Several times she suggested that she should rejoin her party. Each time I persuaded her to dance with me again."

"It was late and people began to leave. She said it was time for her to go, and I begged to be allowed to drive her home."

"There was a car waiting for her. After driving for ten minutes we reached a large house set back from the road. She asked me to come in. Inside the house was magnificently furnished. She took me into a room where supper was laid for two. Although it was past three o'clock there were still servants to wait on us. My lady declined to eat—she was still masked—but she drank a little wine. Presently the servants left us. I went to her and took her hand."

"And now, please, won't you unmask?" I begged.

"How do you know you will like me as well?" she asked. And her voice mocked.

"It's true that I could hardly like you more," I said.

"You're curious?"

"Naturally."

"She switched on a light. It illuminated a portrait."

"Myself, five years ago," she explained.

"It was a painting, beautifully executed, of a girl of about twenty-two."

"Then you must be even more lovely now," I said.

"She took my hand and we sat down. 'I'm going to tell you,' she said. 'Every year I go to this ball. Each time I've danced with a stranger, and afterwards he has come back to supper with me. On every occasion I have unmasked after supper and he has made some excuse to leave me.'

"I looked at the portrait. 'I can't understand it,' I said."

"Then she took off her mask."

"Her face had been most dreadfully pitted by smallpox."

"And now go," she ordered, and turned away.

"I took her hand in both of mine. 'My dear,' I said, 'I'm so terribly sorry. But your eyes are even more beautiful than they are in the portrait. And there is nothing in that so lovely as your voice.'

"I stayed. . ."

"The next day I had a note from Baradine. It was in his own handwriting and asked me to call on him. I was shown into his room. You know what he's like; a funny little fat man right at the end of that enormous room. He shook hands with me."

"My beloved daughter tells me that you have been very kind to her. Now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"And so you see," finished John Rogers, "I always say that sometimes even chivalry has its place in business."

William Morrison got his brief case off the rack. They were at last pulling into Paddington.

"You had the devil's own luck, though," he said. "D'you mean to say you had no idea she was Baradine's daughter?"

John Rogers smiled. "I didn't say that," he replied slowly.

"Why do you suppose I danced with her in the first place?"



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EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme



The Yorkshire Champion: Miss Mary Johnson of Hornsea. Miss Johnson, who defeated Miss Gill Rudgard in the final to win the county title, is not yet twenty

counter illustration, "as it should not be," two pages further on seems to suggest more hope of the golfer striking a good shot than the other. Listen to this, "Now when the club in the course of its swing away from the ball is beginning to rise from the ground and is reaching the horizontal with its head pointing to the player's right, it should be allowed to turn naturally in the right hand until it is resting upon the web between the forefinger and the thumb. At the same time the right elbow should be raised well away from the body until, when the club is horizontal *behind* the head, this right elbow is considerably above the level of the right hand. The club will have turned so freely in the right hand that the right wrist will be straight—in a natural easy manner—and the back of the right hand will be uppermost. The slight crook which will have been given to the left elbow, as a natural result of the slight upward turn of the back of the left hand, will have allowed the left hand to come up above the level of the right shoulder without any fumbling of that elbow against the striker's chest, and the left wrist will have been turned back to allow the club to come to the horizontal behind the head; for it is behind the head and above the right shoulder, not *round* the shoulder, that the club must be allowed to swing."

Note these awful heresies.

We are enjoined to let go of the club at the top of the swing so that it is actually down into the crook where our thumb joins the palm! And worse than that, the right elbow is to be raised as high as possible! The club is to be over the shoulder and not round it! Who to-day would not raise their eyebrows in pious horror? In one point I am all in agreement with Badminton, the insistence of keeping your eye on the ball. I know that there is an obsolete way of expressing it, and to keep your body still is, of course, absolute anathema to all the modernists with their left hips to be cleared and their right shoulders to be got under. Even Bobby Jones tells us that so far as looking at the ball goes he is "merely conscious of its location." But then the

immortal Bobby is a genius, and translated into the terms of the ordinary golfer, I feel that the eye on the ball is still and ever will be fundamental. It may only be the outward signal that all the other parts of the mechanism are in right relation to each other and to the ball, but a signal it is, and I firmly believe that it is only a fluke if we hit the ball well without being, not only merely, but actively "conscious of its location."

It is perhaps largely phraseology that alters. Keeping your eye on the ball sounds humdrum in a day when reflex and subconscious and all the other kinds of reactions are the fashionable things of which to talk. Even the common parlance in describing the game, quite apart from teaching, has altered. A generation ago we "sliced." Then that form of original sin was watered down to "push." Now we rarely admit anything worse than "drift" when a thoroughly rotten shot scuttles away to deserved and ignominious burial in the rough on the right of the fairway. When I was a child we used to "loft" a shot; we even called a mashie a "lofter," which some children corrupted to "lift-upper." Now we "pitch" a shot, though "pitcher" as a club is rather the sort of weapon we keep quiet about, even if we treasure it in secret and play some goodish shots therewith when we think our opponent is not

looking. We prefer, though, to say that we have played it with a number 3, 4, 5, 6 or 7.

The other day I was turning up cuttings of the first championship at which I ever played. That was at St. Andrews in 1908, and since the cuttings are from the "Scotsman" they no doubt represented the best of golfing parlance at the moment. Here is the start of Miss May Hezlet, holder of the championship, in the medal round. "She just managed to get over the Swilcan with her third and holed out all right in five and with two pretty play-club's strokes and a grand third with a cleek she reached the second green . . . she was out in 46!" Miss Grant Suttie won that stroke competition with 89 of which the "Glasgow Herald" rhapsodizes, "Say what you will it was a very remarkable performance for a lady."

Yet can you wonder if the play fell far short of modern standards when you read that "under the influence of the

wind and sun the greens . . . become hard and keen, and this together with the disturbing element of wind, blown skirts, also had a big share in sending up the figures for the round." And it was not only the skirts.

Here is an international "who pulled into a bunker and found her ball fast in mud and in such a position that she would have to stand over the boots in water in order to play it." The report goes on to say that "undaunted the Welsh lady entered the bunker and from amidst a deluge of water and mud, part of which bespattered the player from head to foot, the ball was seen to regain the fairway." Our admiration goes out, not only to the gallant Welsh lady for wading in and getting out, but for being able to play at all in boots. It is all very strange.



Miss Jean Hamilton looking determined. Among her achievements this year was the Scratch Prize at West Hill Open Meeting, and a victory over Miss Maureen Orcutt at Saunton



Surrey v. Kent: Brig-General Critchley, the Surrey Champion, with Miss Dorothy Pearson, the International. Miss Pearson took a trip to Ireland this summer to play in the Headfort Tournament

BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE, W.2

BAYswater 1200

Ensembles for Winter Cruising and the South

AN ADVANCED, COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION
CAN NOW BE SEEN IN THE SALONS.



"JOYCE."

"JOYCE." — This short-sleeved frock of checked cotton "Carellie" has a separate capelet, with ties in contrasting shade. In blue/white, green/white, red/white, and brown white. Small and medium sizes.

52/6

"MARIOTTA."

"MARIOTTA" and "MOYRA." — Checked and plain washing silks are combined in these two smart ensembles, with their sleeveless gowns and matching coatees. In yellow, French blue, buff, raisin, rose, apple green, and grey. Sizes up to 46 hips.

"Mariotta," 7½ Gns.

"Moyra," 8 Gns.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^L
London, W.2.

"MOYRA."

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By
M. E. BROOKE

FASHIONS for Christmas and New Year festivities, as well as for the Hunt Balls, are being everywhere discussed. The result of practising strict economy during the past months has engendered the desire to cast aside frocks and wraps that have done yeoman service and invest in an entirely new outfit; when this is done a delightful feeling of well-being prevails and an atmosphere of happiness is radiated, which is as it should be. Harrods, Knightsbridge, appreciating this fact, are showing a mid-season collection which represents all that is best in the Parisian collections, and there are likewise this firm's interpretations of the same. The two dresses on this page are for small women. The one on the left is a Marcel Dormoy model; as will be seen, the lines are graceful and flowing; the fabricating medium is a dull silk crêpe woven with a raised rib; it bears the name of Azigos Cloque; soft net veils the shoulders, while the chrysanthemum-like epaulets are of stiffened velvet. Of it one may become the possessor for $14\frac{1}{2}$ guineas. The evening dress on the right is a copy of a Mainbocher model; it is expressed in a very dull crêpe, a Raymond fabric printed in a geometrical design; it is $9\frac{1}{2}$ guineas, in white and black and a variety of colour schemes. As the contrasting corsage has

evidently come to stay, Harrods are making a feature of the same. A striking evening affair had a black crêpe skirt; it fitted perfectly over the hips, subsequently being endowed with a suspicion of a flare; the corsage portion was of glorious red and gold brocade with elbow sleeves of the balloon character. In striking contrast to this is a true picture frock composed of gold tissue and a lace-like tissue. By the way, some of the white dresses are relieved with silver tissue as well as silver sequins arranged to suggest embroidery. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there is an inexpensive department where altogether charming frocks are available for 49s. 6d. The "Mamise" for this price is perfectly cut on diagonal lines that have a slimming effect; it is carried out in Rayon ring velvet with soft bows on shoulder and hip. And, of course, Christmas fare has been given great consideration

Models, Harrods

Pictures by Blake





The REASON WHY

Do you buy soap to protect your beauty, or to protect your health? WRIGHT'S DOES BOTH.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is so mild and gentle; it can be used with perfect safety on babies' tender skins. That proves it can guard your complexion.

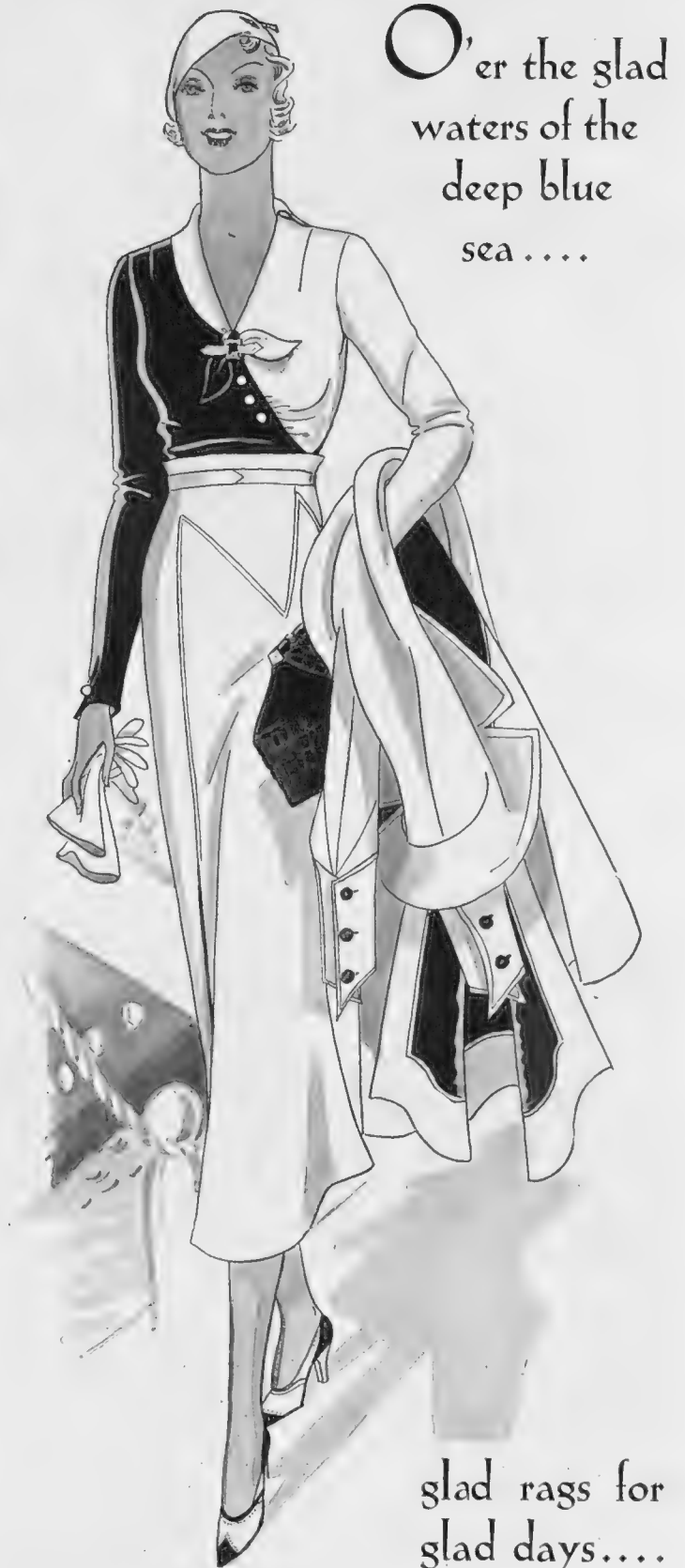
But doctors recommend Wright's for an entirely different reason. It protects against infection . . . kills germs . . . helps to keep you well. So use Wright's. For health and beauty.

WRIGHT'S

COAL
TAR

SOAP

6d. per tablet
British Made



O'er the glad
waters of the
deep blue
sea . . .

glad rags for
glad days . . .

Cruising

This gladsome
ensemble is in
white and medi-
terranean blue

*Margaret
Barry*

SIXTY-FOUR NEW BOND STREET W.1.
FORTY-TWO SOUTH MOLTON STREET & EIGHTEEN BROOK STREET

K-11

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

(continued)

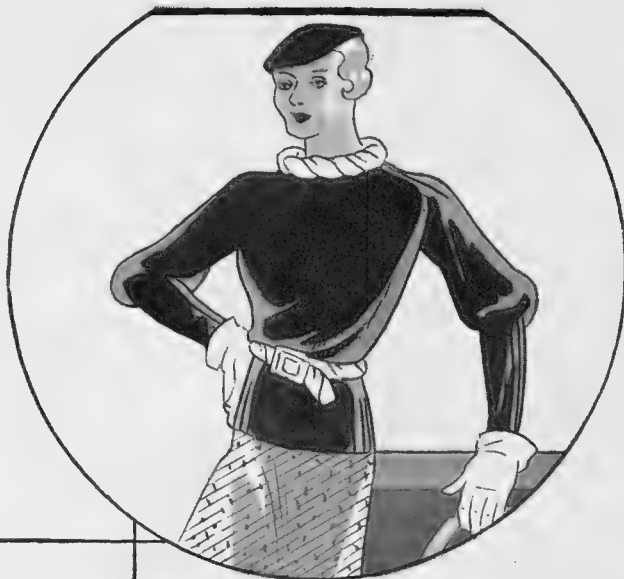


Model, Bedford Riding
Breeches Company

There is a great deal to be said in favour of the frocks and their accessories that are designed and carried out by that well-known artist in dress, Sarah Jane, 19, Davies Street. They are original, and at the same time graceful, as she has a special flair for interpreting her ideas so that they appeal to the leaders of fashion on both sides of the Channel. To her must be given the credit of the velvet evening gown and small coat pictured on this page. It is a pleasing study in orange and brown. Naturally, its innate charm must be seen to be really appreciated.

When in quest of something different, a visit must be paid to the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Baker Street. There are genuine Shetland sweaters; they are soft, warm, and featherweight. It was there that the jumper at the top of this page was sketched. It is available in several colours for 26s. The cable collar and belt give it the much-to-be-desired note of distinction. The Shetland tweed skirt, which is slightly flared and fits perfectly over the hips, is 45s. Furthermore, there are scarves and caps to match for a guinea.

Perfect in cut and accurate in detail is the riding attire for which the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch, are responsible. The model on the left above was designed and carried out by this firm. The fairly long two-button jacket has a centre seam at the back, and looks extremely well made in Harris tweed, while the breeches may be of Bedford cord or cavalry twill. All interested in the subject must write for the catalogue; it will be sent gratis and post free. This firm also excel in their accessories, including boots, shirts, ties, and stocks.



Model, Shetland Industries



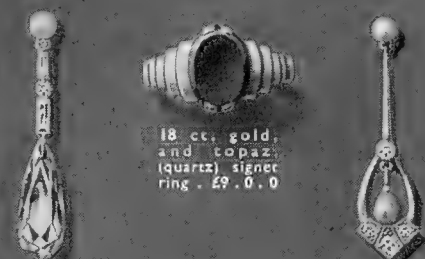
Ell
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Model, Sarah Jane

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING



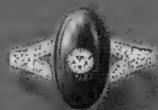
18 ct. gold, and topaz (quartz) signet ring. £9.0.0

Aqua-marine, diamond, pearl, platinum and 18 ct. white gold ear rings, per pair £18.0.0



Black onyx, pearl, platinum and 18 ct. gold links, per pair £5.10.0
4 buttons £5.10.0
2 studs £2.15.0

Pearl, diamond, platinum and 18 ct. white gold ear rings, per pair £13.0.0



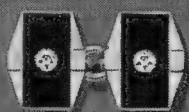
Jade, diamond and platinum ring £27.0.0



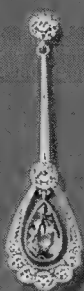
Diamond and platinum ring £25.0.0



Jade, diamond, rose, diamond and platinum ear-rings, per pair £15.0.0

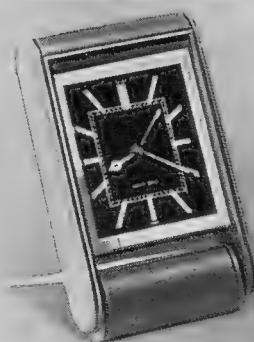


Black onyx, diamond, platinum and 18 ct. white gold ear-rings, per pair £11.10.0

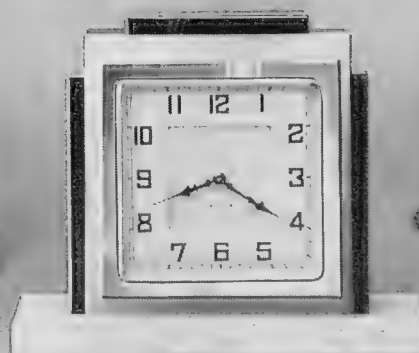


Sapphire, diamond, platinum and 18 ct. white gold ear-rings, per pair £25.0.0

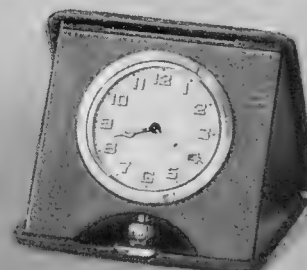
Chromium Plated Silver . . . £5.15.0
9 carat Gold . . . £10.0.0
18 carat Gold £12.0.0



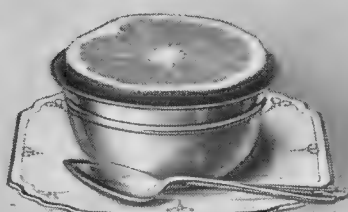
8-day clock in pigskin or morocco, various colours. Fitted with a superior movement exclusive to The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company £4.5.0. With alarm, £5.12.6.



8-day clock in white onyx and malachite, chromium plated surround to dial. Height 4 inches £7.0.0



8-day clock in pigskin or morocco, various colours. Very flat £3.10.0



Regent Plate grape fruit holder with spoon, on white and gold china plate. . . . £0.15.0



"Pyrex" fireproof glass casserole dish, in plain Regent Plate holder. £1.1.0



Sterling silver-mounted cut glass decanter £1.5.0



Sterling silver condiment set, on tray £4.5.0
(The mustard pot and salt cellar have unbreakable enamel linings.)



Sterling silver fruit tazza of modern design, diameter 9 inches. Special value £5.5.0



Sterling silver coffee set, capacity of coffee pot, 3-pint £5.5.0

There is always at The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company something a little more attractive in style and a little more exquisite in quality at a surprisingly moderate price. An illustrated brochure will be gladly sent on request

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

(at the Corner of Glasshouse Street) No other Address

Chromium Plated Silver . . . £7.10.0
9 Carat Gold £15.0.0

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Taking Thought for the New Year.

Now is the time to talk of many things, especially during the days before Christmas and early in the New Year. Among the first on the list is a visit to Wetherall's 92, Regent Street, W.; they are making a feature of camel *de luxe*, nautical navy nap, and woolpaca coats for 6½ guineas, they are as appropriate for cruising as for travelling and country wear in general. Illustrations of these will be gladly sent on application. Pictured on this page is a particularly distinctive model for 8½ guineas; it is carried out in a new rustic tweed in all the fashionable colours with large chromium buttons of a contrasting shade. Another point of interest is that this firm have acquired the services of Lady Mercy Dean, daughter of Frances, Countess of Warwick, to be fashion adviser in their "New Brighter Young" Department. She advises customers on their individual needs of all "9 till 6" clothes.

* * *

Banishing an Old Discomfort.

No woman can dispense altogether with the wearing of some form of corset, for the figure will not care for itself. The new fashions make exacting demands on the figure; the corsets must be able to coax it into the correct silhouette. A new corsetry has been produced which gives wonderful comfort as well as a faultless silhouette. No matter how the wearer bends or twists in games, however long she sits in the car, at bridge, or the theatre, it never moves out of position. This corsetry is known as Nu-Back, and the secret is that it moves on the same principles as the muscles of the back, and works naturally with them. The clever back section extends when she sits, stoops, or twists, and contracts into place smoothly and unnoticeably when she stands up. Nu-Back corsetry consists of various wrap-round and corselet models in plain as well as the most exquisite brocaded materials, and they can be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Something That is Different.

It is a foregone conclusion that during the coming weeks Morley's Modura (plain) and Belldura (with lace clox) will be given many introductions, and they will most assuredly receive a very warm welcome. Although they are particularly soft they wear extremely well and are pleasantly priced at 8s. 11d.; they are of medium weight with a fine gauge. Among the fashionable colours in which they are available are roche, morse linnet, rosita musquash, and squirrel. Although they are sold practically everywhere, it may be as well to mention that should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, I. and R. Morley, Wood Street, E.C., will be pleased to send the name and address of their nearest agent.

Two to One.

Really the "Old Bleach" Linen Company are to be congratulated on their latest invention. It is a chair-back and work-bag combined which is reinforced with a non-slip patent fabric grip. Among its manifold advantages are that the work-bag, even when holding a large number of articles, remains concealed under the overhang behind the chair. It can safely hold 4 lb. or 5 lb. weight. The chair-back is attached to the bag with a neat buttoning arrangement so that it can be worked separately.



AN ULTRA SMART TOP COAT

For the tired young things; most assuredly they will resuscitate at the sight of it. At Wetherall's, 92, Regent Street, W.

Change of Address.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Jeanne has changed her address and has now artistic salons at 60, Conduit Street, and that her telephone number is Regent 2282. She makes a feature of maternity gowns from 79s. 6d., as well as of corsets, which do excellent work in preserving the silhouette of the figure. Too much cannot be said in favour of these accessories.

A Well-Poised Neck.

There are certain things that add to the years of women and no one can tell when they will appear. Among them is a small lump of flesh at the nape of the neck; this frequently spreads round the throat, and does so in the most insidious manner imaginable unless it be checked. A feeling akin to despair is the experience of the sufferer. Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, has perfected certain exercises and scientific massage which conquer these troubles; they will also obliterate that unattractive ridge across the shoulder blades. Now in simple non-technical language, which may not meet with Miss Arden's approval, I am going to give some details. For about twenty minutes the neck and shoulders are exercised and the former assumes its correct poise. At the first treatment the neck assumes its correct poise; this is only temporary as it soon sags. Several treatments are needed in order that the tissue may be disposed of and the neck assume a permanent youthful contour. Subsequently there is scientific massage; many things are accomplished even at the first treatment, and one leaves the salons fully alive to the fact that it will not be long before those tell-tale signs of age are banished.

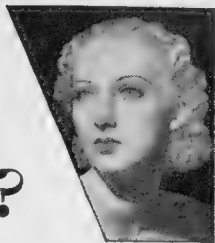
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Not Luxuries but Necessities.

It would be interesting if it were possible to ascertain the number of women who regularly use Elizabeth Arden's skin tonic and eye lotion. Personally I consider them indispensable. The former cleanses the skin of superficial dirt that in crowded cities collects all too rapidly on the face. Furthermore, it prevents that unpleasant "flushed" sensation that is frequently caused by changes of temperature. The eye lotion has a particularly beneficial effect on the eyes and lids. It also strengthens the vision. It seems almost unnecessary to add that before retiring to rest the Venetian Cleansing Cream must be used; it melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, and leaves the skin soft and receptive. Subsequently Velva Cream must be applied; it is primarily destined for

sensitive skins, as it soothes and refines without fattening. For the thin face there is the Orange Skin Food; this is a rich cream which keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines, and hollows. All interested in the subject must write for "The Quest of the Beautiful"; it is worthy of careful study, and will be sent gratis and post free, and there is another book treating with the advantages of scientific exercises set to music.

Why grow old?



BE REJUVENATED! —Consult Arline

who gives you **FREE ADVICE** on rejuvenating treatment for men and women.

Why have sagging muscles on face or neck, ugly frowns and lines from nose to mouth? They destroy your personality.

THE BEAUTY OF YOUR EYES may be spoiled by their surroundings. The skin around the eyes can be restored by treatment to the velvety smoothness of youth.

Have your Eyelashes permanently and harmlessly dyed for 8/6.

Colouring and Permanent Waving—Specialties Write for Brochures and Price Lists—post free.

ARLINE ORIGINAL VEGETABLE CAMOMILE GOLD WASH

puts sunshine into your hair. Not a Dye. Absolutely harmless: 2/6, 3/6, 5/9, 10/6. Refuse substitutes.

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"Come on" to the new **ACE OF SPADES CLUB** on the KINGSTON BY-PASS. See its luxury and originality . . . dance on its wonderful Maple floor . . . and 'phone your greetings to New York, Hong Kong or Timbuctoo from your own Supper table.

Special opening cabaret Boxing Night and New Year's Eve.

Dancing till 3 a.m.

'Phone for Xmas Programme

Ace of Spades Club

KINGSTON BY-PASS
'Phone: Elmbidge 1034



—"a dozen boxes."

CACHETS FAIVRE, my angel—a dozen boxes—ready to impale by express post any disgusting school-friend or rabid third cousin.

But then, my dear, the grimmest thing! The news eked out and my beloved emergencies were laboriously embellished in the most unwinking manner. First, Father, with his 19th-hole = and = Bad = Headache = story. Then Uncle Joe with neuralgia = from = the = Tropicality = of = Capricorn. And so on, right down to the gamekeeper's aunt, my dear! And how could I say 'No' darling? For of course the Cachets are THE most veracious pain-relievers . . .



"The gamekeeper's aunt."

Darling!

this MORBID gift problem!!! Every Christmas those UTTER obscurities who spring a lordly gift at the twelfth hour, and leave one feeling meaner than a croupier. So this year your little Daphne swooped down on a spot of forethought, solved her problem and added millenniums to the Health of the Nation.



"Father with his 19th-hole = and = Bad = Headache = story."

There's hardly an ache they won't simply demoralise within ten minutes—and not one single organ or intestine (my DEAR!) is ever the slightest bit worse for wear. I KNOW darling, 'cause I've taken them since birth, so to speak. And with the Soirée and Sherry season upon us again, it really is our bounden duty to lay in a stock. But knowing your rather suspectory and contumelious nature, why not write first for a set of samples??? I believe there's a coupon down below—'specially for you to fill in.

CACHETS FAIVRE

Brand

2s. 3d. FOR A BOX OF TWELVE
1s. for a Box of Four

Cachets Faivre contain Oxyquinotheine, which has been proved to produce the greatest beneficial effect upon the nerve centres. The Cachets are both sedative and tonic. They will dispel lassitude and suppress pain arising from any cause—usually within ten minutes. They are not a narcotic and have no harmful action upon the heart, stomach or kidneys. They never lose their effect and will relieve the same symptoms in the same person at each occurrence. A single Cachet Faivre will quickly relieve Neuralgia, Influenza, Toothache, Gout, Rheumatism and all acute pains.

TRY A BOX

To Wilcox Jozeau & Co. Ltd., 15 Great St. Andrew St., London, W.C.2.

A free sample box?

Yes please.

Send it to

at

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105 NEW BOND STREET
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ANNOUNCE THEIR GREAT WINTER SALE

COMMENCES

MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd
continuing throughout the month

The Entire Stock of Tropical Frocks, Woollen Frocks, Afternoon Frocks, Blouses and Lingerie has been Drastically Reduced to Ensure Definite Clearance.

TWO TYPICAL BARGAINS

that prevail throughout this establishment.

All this season's latest styles in serviceable Woollen Frocks. Ideal for Town and Country wear, in various shades, originally 5½, 6, 7 and 7½ Gns.

AT ONE CLEARANCE PRICE

84/-

AMAZING VALUE

A FEW ONLY

4½, 5 & 6 Gns.

SILK TROPICAL FROCKS in pastel shades will be cleared at

59/6

ASTOUNDING VALUE

WILLIAM COULSON

& SONS

105 NEW BOND STREET
LONDON W.1

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from p. 490*

From the Fernie

The excellent sport enjoyed of late has brought over many to our side. A large company, for instance, forgathered in Walton village on Monday when hounds were practically running all day. Dropping on to an outlier a few furlongs from the village, hounds went away with great dash. Those caught napping had a stern chase for some miles to Mowesley, the hounds going racing pace over the delightful Knaptoft pastures, the racing gentlemen at the top of the hunt. A check at Saddington collected the remnants of the chase, our fox disappearing into the village at the luncheon hour. With forces reunited a good hunt to John Ball, and continuation later to ground at Foston, satisfied most of us and horses in particular. Falls were numerous. Those good samaritans the Fairhursts stood by one of our oldest followers who was seriously knocked out, but is now recovering in hospital. Leicester 'Chases on Tuesday found a good field of hunting residents present; the Furlongs *père et fils* were successful again, although "Robin a-Tiptoe" just failed on the post in one event. A Hunt Ball will be held at Papillon Hall, that beautiful Lutyens production, on January 25. Captain and Mrs. Frank Bellville having kindly lent their romantic residence for this occasion.

From Lincolnshire

Although a succession of frosts has threatened sport during the week, most of the county packs have found it just possible to hunt. Scent, however, has been execrable and there are no outstanding features to record. The Southwold (Harrington) day from Thornton was about the best. Thanks to his keen preservation, Major Hotchkin's coverts at Woodhall Spa are chock-full of foxes. In Bracken Wood they were scuttling about like rabbits, and hounds were running almost continuously for nearly four hours. They were only deprived of a meal by changing from a very tired customer at Stixwold and getting on to foiled ground in Halstead Wood. Twice, at least,

hounds got into the open, and once, when crossing the big yawning drains which intersect this part of the country, many of the thrusters were seen plumbing their depths! Their plight is far better imagined than described! Treacherous going has been responsible for a crop of other casualties, but none worse than that which befel Miss Jennie Brewster, of Scallows Hall, earlier in the week. Fractures to skull and clavicle are not easy to mend, and, at the time of writing, she is still in a serious condition.

From Warwickshire

Fog delayed the start on Tuesday for more than an hour, but at last we have had a real proper hunt from Golden Cross. It just shows the vagaries of scent—Cox blew his horn before hounds were put in (a bit of an experiment this), but the effect was as good as the trumpet blown before the walls of Jericho, for a fox popped out on the instant. This particular customer only ran a couple of fields, but on returning and drawing the covert another went away and gave us a heaven-sent thirty-five minutes to Weston Heath and then slower to Whichford Wood and beyond, where scent failed after one hour and twenty minutes and a six-mile point.

Friday at Upton House was another day to remember. There was a certain amount of pot valiantness early on amongst the younger members of the Hunt, consequent upon Peter's coming of age ball the night before, but once a good fox broke away from the Bearsted Gorse, hounds ran and ran for nearly three hours, making two big circles round Edgehill and Kineton till they were finally out of scent near Hanwell, after a great hunt of almost three hours, a point of seven miles, and well over seventeen miles covered.

To the universal regret of us all Philip Dunne, M.F.H., broke a collar-bone through a rabbit-hole on the flat, while Peggy, hard on his heels and true to her marriage vows to take him for better or worse, followed suit, but was luckily unscathed.

And now a Happy Xmas to all TATLER readers, and the War cry of Straight Foxes—Stout hearts—and Sound horses—"the greatest wish in the world."



Sasha

MRS. DONALD RAY

Looking very charming in her wedding gown. Before her recent marriage she was Miss Mercy Standish-Barry. Her mother, Mrs. Standish-Barry, is better known as Miss Nell St. John Montague

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A Catalogue of Gifts gladly sent

The illustrations represent the actual size of the articles



3459: Fine Chinese Carved Jade. White Gold Mount
£22.17.6



3456: Fine Chinese Jade and Diamonds
£16.0.0

3463: "Fringe" Necklet set with Fine Diamonds. Platinum Settings
£55.0.0



3453: Diamonds and Platinum
£30.0.0



3458: Necklet Snap set with Diamonds
£5.10.0



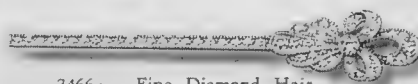
2150: Diamonds and Platinum
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3457: Fine Chinese Carved Jade. Gold Mounts
£8.15.0 pair



3462: Green Tourmaline and Diamonds
£10.10.0



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(Standing.) The newest model in LLAMOVEL is shaped and fits the figure to perfection, it has a Rodier scarf in delightfully blended shades, suitably lined throughout. In average sizes only.

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A LLAMOVEL Coat for practical wear, smartly semi-fitting, with useful pockets and large comfortable collar and stitched leather belt, suitably lined throughout. In four average sizes.

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A TRIUMPH
OF SCIENCE
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Mr. C. H. Willi says:

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In his new books, "The Secret of Looking Young," 2/6, and "Facial Rejuvenation," 3/6 (Pub. Cecil Palmer), Mr. Willi tells you how he has practised his method in London at 40 Baker Street, W.1, for the last 20 years, and how he has treated over 10,000 cases, amongst them foreign Royalty and well-known men and women in every walk of life. Many of his clients have travelled thousands of miles to make use of his exceptional skill in making the face permanently youthful.

Marrying Abroad.

Mr. Robert Boyd, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd of Gibcracks, Warrington, Surrey, and Miss Irma Padrutt, the daughter of Herr and Frau Padrutt-Baumgärtner of Chur, Kt. Graubünden, Switzerland, are being married early in February in Chur. On January 20 Captain J. F. Charlesworth is marrying Miss B. A. C. Gedge in St. Thomas's Cathedral, Bombay; Mr. Guy Yves Mission is marrying Miss Mary Katherine May on December 29 at the Church of Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur at Brussels; and early in the New Year there is the wedding at Limuru, Kenya Colony, between Captain David Alexander Jones, D.S.O., M.C., late the Lincolnshire Regiment, and Miss Hilda Mary Worley.

In 1933.

Some time in January Mr. Thomas Arthur William Bolland, the York and Lancaster Regiment and the Gold Coast Regiment, R.W.A.F.F., is marrying Mrs. Lorie Irving Nasmyth-Shaw; Mr. Harold Noël Huxham, Royal Army Service Corps, and Miss Helen Mary Simpson are being married in February; and the marriage arranged between Mr. Walter Anthony Velleman Ireland and Miss Mary Stella Henrietta Carroll will take place some time in April.



Blwin Neame
MISS MERCY POWIS

The only daughter of Mr. Richard Henry Powis and the late Mrs. Powis of Bridgewater Court, Sudbury, Middlesex, and The Retreat, Frinton, who is to marry Mr. Edward D. Benson, the only son of Mr. Martin H. Benson of Carlton House Terrace, S.W., and Beech House Stud, Cheveley, Newmarket

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Vandyk
THE HON. MARIE ACTON

The elder daughter of the late Lord and Lady Acton, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Douglas Woodruff, the younger son of Mrs. Cumberland Woodruff of 87, Woodstock Road, Oxford



Bertram Park
MISS JOSEPHINE HARVEST

Who is to marry Mr. John Morant, the only son of the late Mr. Edward J. H. E. Morant and of Lady Kathleen Hare of Brokenhurst Park, Hampstead, is the only child of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Harvest, R.A., and Mrs. Harvest

daughter of Major William Henton Carver, M.P., and Mrs. Carver of The Croft, North Cave, East Yorkshire; Mr. Robert Edmond Pablo Byrne, Royal Artillery, the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Byrne and Mrs. Byrne of Glen House, Sarisbury Green, Southampton, and Miss Thora Webster, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Webster of Kingsley, Farnham, Surrey; Captain Charles Benton Lyon, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lyon of Lingfield, Ferndown, Dorset, and Mrs. Rose Elizabeth D'Esterre, widow of Mr. Robert D'Esterre of Reigate, Surrey; Mr. Theodore Baron of 25, Devonshire Street, W., and Miss Doris Hirst, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hirst

Recently Engaged.

Mr. John Reynolds Stebbing, Royal Air Force, the only son of the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Stebbing of Tewin, Herts, and Miss Peggy Felton, the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Felton, sometime of Sao Paulo and Pernambuco, Brazil; Mr. Edgar Lowenstein, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lowenstein of 37, Avenue Road, N.W., and Miss Jane Herrmann, the only daughter of Mrs. Elsa Herrmann of New York City; Mr. Frank Finlay Robins, the elder son of the late Mr. F. C. Robins and Mrs. Robins of Hythe, Kent, and Miss Veronica Carver, the younger

YOUR Christmas TABLE

won't be complete without a bottle of Kia-Ora. It is a favourite meal-time drink at any time, and its fresh tang is especially welcome in the midst of all the rich Christmas goodies. Of course, Kia-Ora is *indispensable* at a children's party. Make sure you always have it in the house. And be careful to insist on genuine Kia-Ora—it saves disappointment.

... don't forget

KIA-ORA



COCKTAILS, too,
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the drink that **EVERYONE** enjoys

Pure fruit cocktails . . . non-alcoholic . . . ORANGE, GRAPE FRUIT, LEMON and TOMATO—delightful flavour . . . deliciously appetising. Complete on their own or blended together as you wish. Use them when mixing alcoholic cocktails—they save the trouble of squeezing fresh fruit juice. 2/6d. a bottle.



LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Our Members' Show was a friendly affair. The hall is a splendid one for a show—so well aired and well lighted. All the judges kept their appointment except Mrs. Carlo Clarke. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr. Engleheart, while Mr. and Mrs. Knapp and Miss Bond were most helpful. Mrs. Trelawny, as usual, was everywhere, entirely unruffled by being asked fifty—mostly useless—questions at once. The quality of the exhibits was very high; the Any Variety Open Class contained seven champions. This class was won by the Dalmatian Ch. Snow Leopard. Miss Lane's poodle, Nunsoe Nickolas Christopher Robbin, was awarded the special for the best dog in the show, while Lady Kathleen Pilkington won that for the best bitch with her beautiful French bulldog, Chevet Smudge. The large breeds came up remarkably well, there being good entries of Irish wolfhounds and Great Danes. The Foreign Dog Classes were, as usual, of great interest, three Boston terriers being benched, while Mrs. Brownrigg and Mrs. Bruce exhibited their attractive Apsos or Tibet lion dogs, and there was a nice entry of Lhasa terriers. Our chairman, Lady Howe, showed a team of her famous Labradors, including Chs. Banchory Trueman and



SEALYHAM PUPPIES

The property of Miss Verrall

Ingleston Ben, but they did not compete either in the Variety Classes or for the Specials.

Our Open Show takes place at Olympia on May 10 and 11, and there are to be some new features. Among them is an Obedience Class for toy dogs. This class has been announced early to give owners time to prepare their dogs to compete.



CAIRN PUPPIES

The property of Miss Smallwood

Christmas is now on us—shops, newspapers, everything reminds us of this fact. With Christmas comes the problem of the Christmas present, and in the nick of time to solve it are these three pictures of puppies; all are ready to go to new homes and all are alluring to a degree.

First come Mrs. Powys-Lybbe's elkhounds. These are six months old, inoculated against distemper. One has already won a prize at a championship show. In addition Mrs. Powys-Lybbe has some puppies, three months old, for sale, also some younger still, but ready to go. Elkhounds make charming companions and are becoming more popular daily. These dogs are all of the best possible breeding.

Next comes the ever-popular Cairn. There is no need to "boost" him, he boosts himself. He is one of the most intelligent and attractive of dogs, with a special devotion to one person. Miss Smallwood owns a small but carefully built up kennel and has been very successful on the bench. These two dog puppies are for sale and she has several other dogs three months old.

Last is the Sealyham. His rise has been phenomenally quick. There were comparatively few before the war; now he is everywhere. He seems a special favourite with people who live in the country, though he is quite suitable for towns. The Misses Verrall's Sealyhams are famous; many a good one has come from their kennels. They have at this moment some good pups for sale as companions as well as some show dogs. The puppies whose picture is given are all for sale and all nice hardy pups. Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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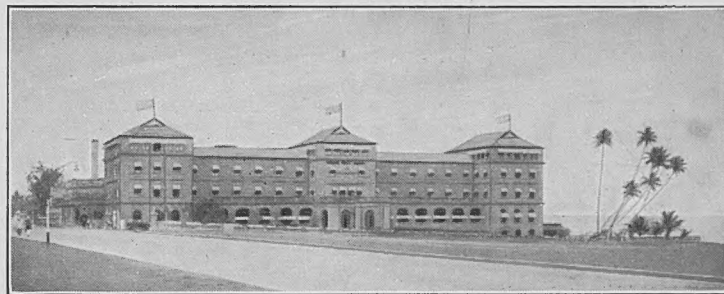
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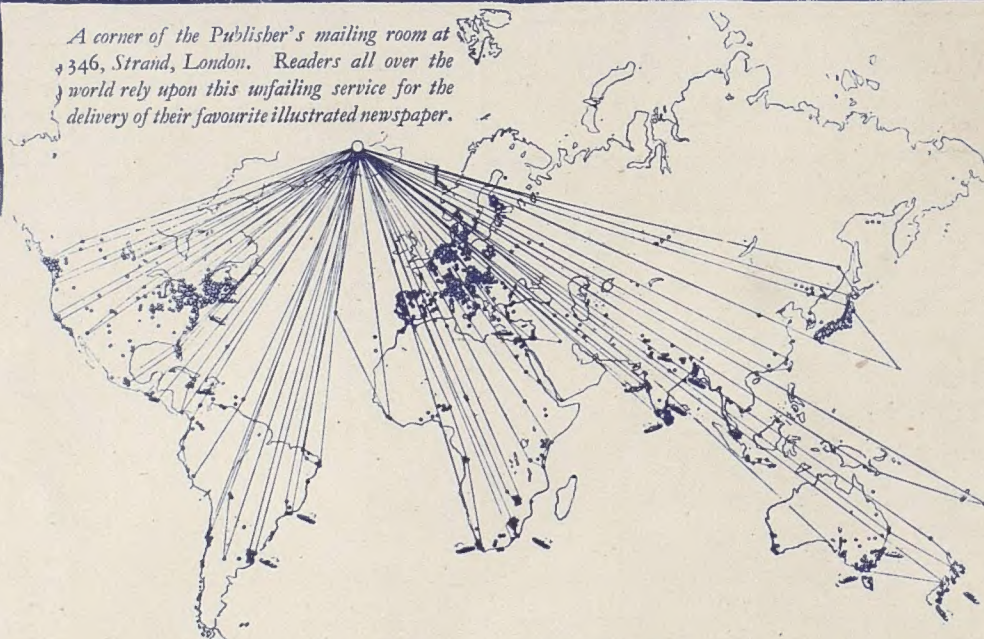
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